

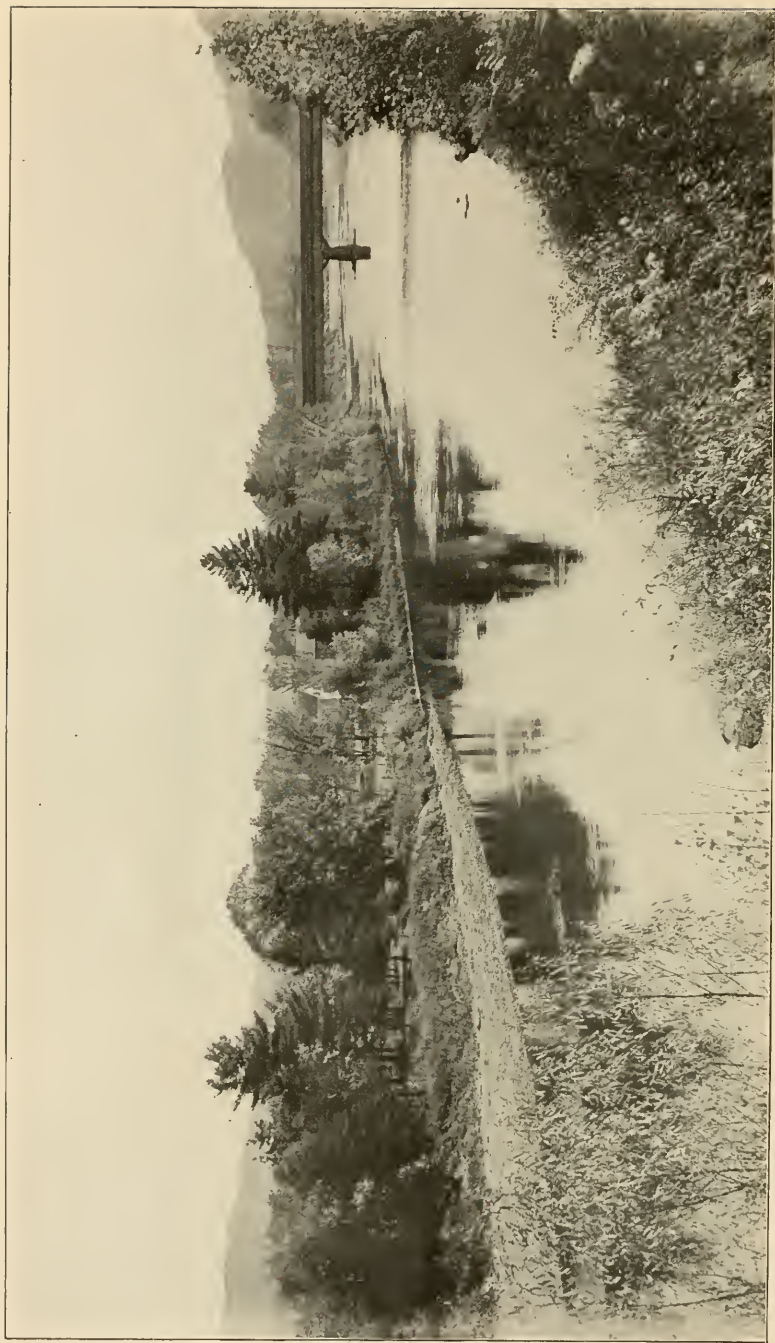
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THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF
PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

1763———1913



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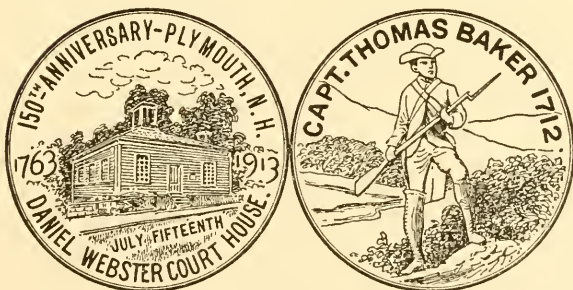
PEMIGEWASSET RIVER AND BRIDGE, LOOKING SOUTH

THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY

OF THE
Granting of the Charter of the Town of
Plymouth, New Hampshire
July 15, 1763

JULY 13-14-15, 1913

ARRANGED BY THE GENERAL COMMITTEE



1763-1913

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GENERAL COMMITTEE

CHARLES J. GOULD, *Treasurer*

MRS. BESSIE F. PEASE, *Secretary*

KOHN KENISTON, *Chairman*

MRS. S. KATHERINE ADAMS

EDWARD A. CHASE

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INTRODUCTION.

While some may have had an intuition that the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the Plymouth charter might be appropriately celebrated, the idea did not begin to take on any semblance of life until the warrant for the annual March meeting in 1912 was posted.

Article No. 20 read as follows:—

“To see what action the town will take in regard to celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of its charter.”

It was voted as follows:—

Resolved, “That a committee of five be appointed by the Selectmen during the month of April, 1912, to consist of three men and two women; committee is to report to the citizens of this town through the *Plymouth Record* in February, 1913, to prepare and cause the necessary articles to be inserted in the next annual town meeting warrant, so that action upon the subject can be taken at that time.”

The selectmen under date of August 8, 1912, issued the following appointment:—

To John Keniston, Rev. Clinton W. Wilson, Edward A. Chase, Bessie Fox and S. Katherine Adams of Plymouth in the County of Grafton:

Agreeable to a resolution adopted at the last annual town meeting that a committee of five be appointed by the selectmen, to consist of three men and two women, and that said committee be authorized and instructed to formulate a plan for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter of Plymouth to the original proprietors and settlers thereof on July 15th, 1913, and that said committee is directed to report to the citizens of this town through the *Plymouth Record* in February, 1913, and is further directed to prepare and cause the necessary articles to be inserted in the next annual

town meeting warrant, so that action upon the subject can be taken at that time.

WHEREAS, we, the subscribers, have confidence in your ability and integrity to perform the duties of said office, we do hereby appoint you the said John Keniston, Rev. Clinton W. Wilson, Edward A. Chase, Bessie Fox and S. Katherine Adams as members of said committee.

Given under our hand this 8th day of August, 1912.

F. F. BLAKE,

P. H. CRAWFORD,

H. W. ROGERS,

Selectmen of Plymouth.

The committee made sure that the following special statute was passed:—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

SECTION 1. The town of Plymouth is hereby authorized to raise and appropriate a sum not exceeding three hundred dollars for the purpose of observing the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation and settlement of the town of Plymouth.

SECT. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved February 13, 1913.

PLYMOUTH CHARTER CELEBRATION.

To the citizens of the town of Plymouth:

The selectmen appointed the undersigned according to a vote taken at the 1912 annual meeting. Considering that Fourth of July celebrations have not received any special attention for many years, that the Old Home Day gatherings have never occurred in this town, and that some expressions of interest have been made by some of the citizens, we are of the opinion that an elaborate celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter to the original proprietors of Plymouth will be wise and acceptable. We suggest that the event be made not only a gala day, but instructive in the town's history to the children and a memorable occasion for all.

In order that the town may legally provide means we have secured the passage of an act authorizing the raising of money for the purpose. An article has been inserted in the warrant for the next March meeting, so that the voters can act upon the subject. If anything is to be attempted the celebration must be organized and determined upon promptly, because four months before July 15, 1913, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary date, is a very short time in which to properly prepare for the event.

The committee recommends the following as appropriate and we trust also instructive.

An illustrated historical lecture to be given to the school children some afternoon during memorial week in May, to be repeated in the evening for their elders. On Sunday, July 13, an open air union service in which it is desired that all the citizens and religious organizations will participate and attend. During Monday and Tuesday, July 14 and 15, an exhibition of the antiquities and curios connected with the town's history, the historical lecture to be repeated on Monday evening, July 14.

On Tuesday, July 15, pageant in the morning, addresses and other exercises in the afternoon and band concert and fireworks in the evening. It is hoped that this day's exercises will be so attractive that work and business will want to pause and give the entire day to reminiscence and a joyous home coming, appropriate to the event to be celebrated.

We also recommend that a medal be prepared that can be sold at a small price. We have received designs that are appropriate. It is a common custom with other towns on such occasions.

The success of the occasion will depend entirely upon the hearty participation by all the citizens and many will be needed to take active part in one place or another in order to make the pageant and other features the equal of those in other towns.

Generally these celebrations arrange for sources of income, and some are money making enterprises. We anticipate that this town will prefer to be as free and open hearted as possible.

Consequently the voters need to provide financial means as liberally as allowable or else give up the idea.

The committee will report at the annual meeting a detailed scheme that we think will provide for its proper organization,

provided, the voters decide to adopt the plan of celebration proposed.

JOHN KENISTON,
CLINTON W. WILSON,
BESSIE FOX,
EDWARD A. CHASE,
S. KATHERINE ADAMS,
Committee.

The article inserted in the town warrant for the annual March meeting of 1913 was as follows:—

ARTICLE 13. To see if the town will vote to celebrate the One hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the granting of its charter, to raise or appropriate money for the same, to choose committees and take any other action in regard to the subject.

It was voted to raise \$300 and committees were chosen to carry out the celebration as proposed. The General Committee as appointed by the selectmen remained the same, with the exception of Rev. C. W. Wilson removed to Lancaster, whose place was substituted by Mr. C. J. Gould. The names of the committees will appear elsewhere.

The plan was more comprehensive than realized and although the proposed outlines called for much larger appropriations than were available, yet by the hearty coöperation of the people and many generous gifts, the committee was able to carry out its recommendations and even enlarge the scope of the celebration beyond what the most hopeful had desired.

The Committee is indebted to the Dalton Studio, J. Edward Boynton, George G. Clark, Jennie Brown, Novelty Studio, Moon Photograph Company, Dr. H. H. Lamson, for taking and loaning the photographs used in this book.

Undoubtedly 3,500 people attended the pageant and not less than 5,000 attended the band concert and witnessed the fireworks.

The weather conditions were perfect and the good nature and conduct of all were the best that any one could wish. No accidents occurred to mar the pleasure or safety of anyone and when the last note was sounded and the last bomb was fired, the face of the town clock, illuminated for the first time, looked upon an immense throng of delighted and satisfied people, whether citizens or visitors.

COMMITTEES CHOSEN BY THE TOWN.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

JOHN KENISTON, *Chairman*.

CHARLES J. GOULD, *Treasurer*. EDWARD A. CHASE.

MRS. BESSIE F. PEASE, *Secretary*. MRS. S. KATHERINE ADAMS.

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT COMMITTEE.

MRS. S. KATHERINE ADAMS, *Chairman*.

MRS. DAVIS B. KENISTON. MISS MILLICENT WEEKS.

HISTORICAL LECTURE.

EDWARD A. CHASE, *Chairman*.

HERBERT H. LAMSON. CHARLES L. WALLACE.

PAGEANT COMMITTEE.

MRS. BESSIE F. PEASE, *Chairman*.

MRS. JOHN E. SMITH. MRS. GEORGE R. FOSTER.

MISS WILHELMINA R. KENISTON. GEORGE R. FOSTER.

JOHN KENISTON. J. FRANK GOULD.

FIRE WORKS COMMITTEE.

CHARLES J. GOULD, *Chairman*.

EDWIN J. FOSTER. JOHN F. MAYNARD.

SUB-COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

CHARLES J. GOULD, *Treasurer*. MOODY P. GORE.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

EDWARD A. CHASE. CHARLES C. WRIGHT.

WILLIAM J. RANDOLPH.

CIVIC PARADE COMMITTEE.

EDWARD A. CHASE.

CHARLES J. GOULD.

JOHN KENISTON.

WILLIAM M. PEPPARD.

ALBERT F. BURTT.

ALBERT M. RAND.

MOSES A. BATCHELDER.

ALVIN F. WENTWORTH.

WILLIAM R. COFFEY.

FRED S. ROWE.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

SUNDAY, JULY 13, 11 A. M.

UNION RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

PROGRAM.

Praise ye the Father.....*Gounod*
KENISTON BAND.

Doxology—"Old Hundred".....The Congregation

Invocation REV. CYRUS RICHARDSON, D. D.

Scripture, Psalm CIII.

REV. A. L. SMITH, D. D.

Soprano Solo—The Homeland.....*Hanscome*
MISS WILHELMINA R. KENISTON.

Prayer REV. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D. D.

Trio, Lift thine eyes, from "Elijah".....*Mendelssohn*
LADIES' CHORUS.

Sermon, delivered at Plymouth, N. H., July 4, 1825, in commemoration of American Independence, by Rev. Jonathan Ward, son of the first settled pastor, Rev. Nathan Ward, on the text, Psalm exxiv:2-3.

Read by REV. B. A. DUMM, PH. D.

National Hymn—"America".....The Congregation

Benediction REV. G. B. KAMBOUR

Paraphrase—"The Lost Chord".....*Sullivan*
KENISTON BAND.

The outdoor Sunday service, held on the Common at the center of the town, sounded the keynote of the whole celebration. Thankfulness for a past so rich in blessings was expressed in music, prayer and song.

The day was an ideal one of cool breezes and sunshine, and as the hour for the service approached, the streets were thronged

with people making their way to the union meeting. They filled the seats to overflowing, and sat in wagons and automobiles on the west side of the Common. Even the great touring cars of through travelers to the mountains, which had right of way on the east side, paused to enjoy the quiet scene.

It was a reverent throng,—townspeople, farmers and their families, visitors from neighboring towns and homecomers from many states. Dr. William Hayes Ward of New York, who made the prayer, was a direct descendant in the third generation from Rev. Nathan Ward, who came with the settlers in 1764. The sermon, written by a later minister, Rev. Jonathan Ward, son of Nathan Ward, and first delivered on July 4, 1825, was now read from a pulpit which was a part of the original one in the meeting house which stood at the top of Ward's Hill. The program has been given and the sermon follows:

SERMON.

PSALM CXXIV: 2, 3.

If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.

It is uncertain whether the Psalmist here alludes to some particular event, or not, when his nation was exposed to imminent danger from their enemies. The passage now read will apply to various seasons of peril and distress in their history. It is strikingly applicable to their preservation in Egypt, and their deliverance when pursued by the mighty host of Pharaoh. Had they not then been protected by the Almighty arm of Jehovah, their enemies would have swallowed them up quick. And after they were settled in the land of Canaan they were often attacked by their surrounding enemies, who sought their ruin, and who would have swallowed them up, had not the Lord been on their side, and protected them.

And may not we, with great propriety, adopt the declaration of the Psalmist in the text in reference to our own nation? Is it not strikingly true, as it respects the United States? There is a remarkable similarity in various respects, between the people of Israel, and our own nation, and especially New England. The children of Israel were delivered from the yoke of oppression. And so were the first settlers of this land. Israel was conducted to a distant and strange land and settled in it. And so were our ancestors. The original inhabitants were driven out before the children of Israel, to make way for them. So were the original inhabitants of this land. On the arrival of the first settlers in New England, they were informed by the natives, that a very mortal disease had, a few years before, prevailed among them, and swept off the greater part of the original

inhabitants. The children of Israel left Egypt, and settled in the land of Canaan, that they might serve the Lord without molestation, and worship Him according to His own appointment. And for the same object our ancestors left England, and came into this land. God raised up for the children of Israel a leader, endued with extraordinary wisdom, and eminently qualified for the work assigned him of delivering them from oppression, conducting them through the wilderness, establishing for them laws, and securing their liberty and independence. And he raised up a Washington to deliver this nation from oppression, to protect our rights, to achieve our independence, to secure to us equal liberty, and a free and most excellent constitution of government.

The interposition of Heaven in our favor has been truly striking; and we may, with the utmost propriety, exclaim in the words of our text, "If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us." This is manifest from the declarations of scripture and from facts.

1. It is manifest from the declarations of scripture.

The Bible clearly teaches the entire dependence of creatures upon their great Creator for all their blessings. We are expressly taught that "from Him comes down every good and perfect gift;" that, "when the young ravens cry, they receive their meat from God;" and that He supplies the wants of "every living thing." He does, indeed, employ means and instruments in accomplishing His kind designs. Still, however, we are taught to view Him as the great and original source of all good. Though mankind is extremely prone to look no farther than to second causes, and to ascribe their privileges and enjoyments wholly to their own wisdom and efforts, or to the instrumentality of others, yet we are, in the word of God, taught a very different lesson. We are there taught, when contemplating our blessings, to say, "not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise." We are there told that "God is our defence, a very present help in time of trouble," and are instructed to ascribe all our deliverances to Him, whether individual or national.

2. To facts.

The history of this country will afford a striking illustration of the text in application to our own nation. And it will be illustrated by anterior events, as well as those of the Revolution, by which our independence was secured. Repeatedly was the country upon the very brink of ruin. The Indians at different times planned the utter extirpation of the English. If they had made the attempt soon after their arrival, when they were few and feeble, nothing but a miracle would have saved them. But God mercifully disposed the savages generally to live with them on terms of peace and friendship for a number of years, till they had extended their settlements, and greatly increased in strength and numbers.

A plan was indeed laid by the Indians for the destruction of the English in Virginia fifteen years after their arrival. It was laid with great secrecy and arrangements made for its execution, and for the indiscriminate massacre of all the inhabitants. The Indians, having been friendly, were admitted without suspicion among the whites. And their design was to go at a



PEN AND INK DRAWING OF
REV. NATHAN WARD
(Drawn by himself)



PULPIT USED AT UNION RELIGIOUS
SERVICE, SUNDAY, JULY
13, 1913

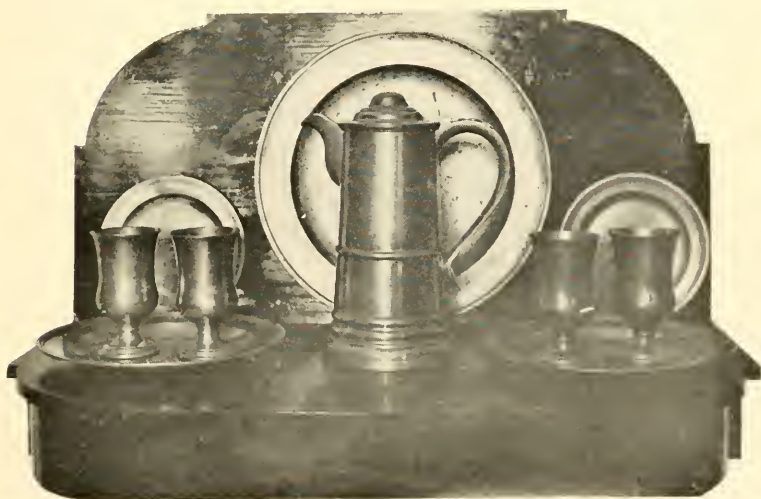


Photo by J. E. Boynton

FIRST COMMUNION SET OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



WEBSTER TAVERN

The log shed is supposed to be Col. David Webster's log cabin, where the first sermon was preached May 19, 1764, by the Rev. Nathan Ward, the first settled minister



Photo by J. E. Boynton.

SUNDAY SERVICE JULY 13, 1913

concerted time into all their settlements and fall upon them unsuspected, and, when wholly unprepared to defend themselves, to murder them all. The plot was discovered the evening before by an Indian and was in consequence partially defeated, though three hundred and forty-seven men, women and children were massacred.

But in New England the most systematic, deep laid, and dangerous plots were formed, and the most persevering attempts made, for the utter extermination of the English. In 1636, sixteen years after the arrival of the first settlers at Plymouth, a formidable effort was made to exterminate the English by the Pequots, a powerful tribe of Indians. This was, however, defeated after a short contest.

But the most extensive and dangerous conspiracy among the Indians against the English was formed by King Philip, a powerful sachem of very superior mental endowments, and of great skill and courage in war. "He was," says a distinguished writer, "from the year 1670 till 1675, when hostilities actually commenced, secretly preparing for the war, by obtaining arms and negotiating with the neighboring tribes." And the same writer observes that he produced "a combination of Indians so formidable, and a war so bloody, as to threaten the very existence of all New England." He engaged in the contest almost all the Indians through New England who were numerous and powerful, and who "spread themselves," says a writer of those times, "like grasshoppers all over the country." Their mode of warfare rendered them a peculiarly dangerous enemy, and the war with them uncommonly desolating and destructive. They approached the English settlements secretly, and often in the night; and burned their dwellings and killed or led into captivity the inhabitants. The country being then new, the settlements scattered and defenceless, and much woods and thick swamps remaining, these circumstances favored the English. The Indians were for a time successful and destroyed many towns, and boasted that they should burn Boston.

But though God corrected the inhabitants of the country severely he did not give them "over to the will of the enemies," but mercifully interposed for their protection, preservation and deliverance. Divisions, defection, and mortal diseases among the savages greatly weakened them, and tended to bring the war to a favorable termination. The arm of Jehovah was extended over his people, and his providence often signally interposed for their deliverance. And "had not the Lord been on their side, when the enemy rose up against them, they would have swallowed them up."

But the words of our text were most strikingly illustrated in the Revolutionary War and the events which led to the establishment of our national independence. No person can impartially review the history of those times without being convinced that, "if the Lord had not been on our side," we should have been swallowed up, or subdued. Who could have imagined that these feeble colonies could have contended successfully with one of the most powerful nations in the world, when that nation was in the zenith of its power and glory? It had a few years before triumphantly terminated a war with France, in the course of which it had wrested from her the most of her American possessions,—the Canadas, Nova Scotia, Louisiana, and

several of her West India Islands. In this war the colonies had borne a distinguished part, had incurred very heavy expenses, and lost many men, one third of the effective men of Massachusetts being in the service in the campaign of 1758. From these calamities they had not recovered when the war of the Revolution commenced. How amazingly unequal was the contest between Great Britain and her American colonies! The former had a powerful fleet and veteran army, inured to the fatigues of war and used to victory. She was in possession of Canada, Nova Scotia, and the frontier posts, and in alliance with the Indian tribes generally, and had them under her influence.

But the colonies were then weak and impoverished; had no regular army or navy; were very destitute of military and naval stores; had an extensive frontier and seacoast much exposed without means of defence, and were divided among themselves. The governors of the Provinces, and many of the other officers, were dependent upon the crown, and adhered to the royal cause, so that the government, at the commencement of the Revolution, was divided and distracted, and could not act with concert or energy. And though the most of the people were probably friendly to the liberties of their country, yet many imagined it would be in vain to resist the mighty power of Great Britain, and thought it more prudent to accede to such terms of accommodation as they could obtain. They were, therefore, unwilling to risk their all in such a doubtful, and, as they supposed, hopeless contest. Hence arose a division in the country which greatly weakened the cause of freedom. There was besides, in the Southern and Middle States, a vast number of slaves, being in many parts much more numerous than the whites, upon whom no dependence could be placed and who might become dangerous enemies.

In such a situation, how unprepared were the colonies to contend with such a power as Great Britain! No wonder then, that many thought they had better yield the points in dispute, which were at first more about principles than any oppressive acts of the British government, the latter contending that they had a right to impose taxes upon the colonies, which the colonies denied, as they were not represented in the British parliament. And the acts of the latter, at first complained of, would have been submitted to, had they not involved the principle which was considered so dangerous to the liberties of the country.

But Heaven had ordained that these then colonies should be free and independent, and had fixed the time at that early period. The contest must therefore begin and terminate successfully for America, notwithstanding all the formidable obstacles in the way. God designed here to begin the emancipation of the nations of the earth from civil bondage, and to give them an example of self-government, of the enjoyment of equal rights, and of unexampled national prosperity and happiness; to prepare an asylum for the oppressed of other nations, and a people signally to aid in evangelizing the heathen, and accomplishing His great designs of benevolence and mercy towards a lost and ruined world. America, therefore, notwithstanding her weakness, must triumph and be free. For "the Lord of Hosts, the Lord strong and mighty," had purposed it. And could man, could the most

powerful nations, defeat His designs, when He could cause “*one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight?*” Nerved by His almighty arm, the feeble, “out of weakness, were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.”

Every one must be convinced that the British were able to have sent a force sufficient to put down opposition and terminate the contest at once. But the government of Great Britain seemed to hold the power of the colonies to make any effectual resistance to the mother country in the utmost contempt. Before hostilities began, a military commander who had served in America in the late French war declared in parliament “that, with five regiments of infantry, he would undertake to go through the country, and drive the inhabitants from one end of the continent to the other.” And after the commencement of hostilities, another made a similar declaration. And though others, well acquainted with the spirit and ability of the Americans, assured the government that, in their coercive measures, they would meet with the most serious, determined and persevering opposition, yet a strange infatuation seemed to have seized the British government, and they appeared to act upon the supposition that only a handful of men would be necessary to put down opposition, and enforce submission to all their acts, however arbitrary. This gave the colonies opportunity to act with more deliberation, union, decision and effect, to collect and concentrate their forces, and to call into operation their resources; taught them their own strength and trained them to the art of war, and inspired them with courage and resolution and the hope of ultimate success.

But a powerful naval force to harass the seacoast and several armies, landed in different parts of the country, at the commencement of the contest, would have so distressed, distracted, disheartened, divided and weakened the colonies, that the cause of liberty must, to all human appearance, inevitably have been lost. But God “turned their counsel into foolishness,” and inspired the friends of their country and of the rights of man with wisdom and firmness, and by His powerful arm shielded us, and suffered not those, who rose up against us, to swallow us up; and upheld the nation through the long and arduous struggle and, finally, conducted it to triumph, to peace, and to independence.

REFLECTIONS.

1. We learn from the subject our unspeakable obligations as a nation to the Most High.

There is no other people under heaven so greatly distinguished as the people of these United States. No other nation enjoys such rich privileges and blessings. And no other nation in the world has experienced such signal interpositions of divine Providence in its favor. The history of this country from its first settlement is a history of remarkable providences.

With wonder and admiration may we trace the movements of the little band, who first landed on the rock of Plymouth, and in New England laid the cornerstone of this mighty edifice. They had been driven by persecution from their native land to Holland, whence they sailed for the New World, to erect, among savages, an altar to Him, who, to them, was “*the*

unknown God.” Their object in coming three thousand miles into a dreary wilderness was not wealth or political distinction, but liberty and religion. They could not rationally expect, and did not expect, on these uncultivated and inhospitable shores to enjoy ease and worldly greatness and grandeur. But they expected to be strangers and pilgrims in this strange land; and came here to suffer and serve God and enjoy unmolested the ordinances of the gospel and the consolations of religion; to secure and transmit to their children, civil and religious freedom, and the uncorrupted institutions of Christianity, and train them up for heaven.

At first a few scattered settlements skirted the Atlantic, and all behind was one unbroken, dreary wilderness, to the western ocean. But now the wilderness, to a vast extent, has been subdued and become as the garden of the Lord. The American settlements are extending, the tide of emigration is rolling on to the West and the country is rapidly increasing in population and wealth. Our liberty and independence are secured and established upon a firm basis. We have the wisest and best constitution, and a government organized according to the purest principles of rational liberty. We have numerous, well-endowed and flourishing literary institutions where our children may be trained for usefulness, respectability and happiness. We enjoy religious liberty, the pure ordinances of the gospel, and the richest means of religion. Very numerous benevolent societies and charitable institutions have been formed, with the design to impart relief to the indigent and distressed; to send the gospel and the Bible to the destitute; to disseminate Christian knowledge; to promote intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement; to elevate the character, and to save the soul. These societies and institutions are diffusing a benign influence through the country. And, with these various and rich mercies, we enjoy peace, security, general health, plenty, and unexampled prosperity. And for all these distinguished and invaluable privileges and blessings, we are indebted to the God of Heaven. How great, then, are our obligations to the Most High! Hence

2. We ought to distinguish ourselves by our obedience and fidelity in His service.

As God has exalted us “in name and in honour,” and by our superior privileges above every other nation under heaven, we ought to be an eminently devoted and pious people. We ought gratefully to acknowledge Him as the bountiful giver of all our mercies, and sincerely enquire “what we shall render to Him for all His benefits?” We should avoid, and decidedly discountenance, all those immoral practices by which God is dishonored and provoked, which are a “reproach to any people,” and ruinous to their prosperity and true interest. And we should conscientiously, sedulously and unitedly practice that “righteousness, which exalteth a nation.” And we should, especially, endeavor to extend the blessings and privileges, which we enjoy, to others; and more particularly to the Africans and Indian tribes on our own continent, and within our borders. We owe to them a heavy debt; and a heavier debt to divine justice for our criminal treatment of them. And payment will most surely be demanded by the holy God, unless we endeavor to cancel the debt, by repairing the injuries done them.

And let us strive, not to destroy them, or make them wretched, but to extend to them the blessings of civilization and Christianity and the rights of man; to raise them from their state of degradation and wretchedness, and to make them "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

3. We may learn that we ought to hold the fathers of New England in high estimation. Though we ought to be careful not to idolize any fellow-mortals, however great, eminent, useful or good, yet we should give "honor to whom honor is due." And it is eminently due to our pious and venerable ancestors. For to them, under God, are we indebted for all our privileges and blessings.

Though the fathers of New England were but men, they were men eminent for learning and piety. And they used great care to promote learning, morality and religion. Amidst all their poverty, hardships and sufferings, they early adopted measures for the establishment of literary institutions, and, only sixteen years after they first landed at Plymouth, they founded the college at Cambridge.

They laid the foundation of our literary, religious and civil institutions. To their wisdom and integrity, firmness and resolution, patience and perseverance, are we indebted, under God, for our correct moral habits, our noble institutions, our liberty, prosperity and rising glory. We ought, therefore, to hold them in high estimation, and remember them with gratitude.

4. The subject teaches us how to celebrate our national independence.

Our deliverance was wrought, our independence achieved, and our liberty secured by an Almighty arm. For "had not the Lord been on our side, when men rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick." When, therefore, we celebrate our national birthday, we should remember that God has given us our national existence, and all our precious privileges, and should with gratitude commemorate His divine goodness.

5. That any way of celebrating the day, which would be dishonorary to God, or offensive in his sight, must be highly improper.

To spend it in rioting, in intemperance, or in dissipating amusements, which are calculated to banish all serious reflection and sense of the divine goodness, and of obligation to the Most High, must be peculiarly offensive in the sight of Heaven, and altogether unreasonable and improper. Such things may now be justified, and pleaded for, but, in the great day, will appear in their true light, and will then find no advocates.

Though God has granted us liberty, he has given us no liberty to sin against him, and abuse the rich expressions of his bounty. We should remember that he is a holy and jealous God, and not, by our ingratitude and sins, provoke him to "remove our candlestick out of its place," but strive to please and honor him, that he may continue to shed upon us his choicest blessings, and prosper us, that our "peace may be as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea," and may continue as long as the moon endureth, and till the orb of day shall cease to shine, and illuminate this western world.

MONDAY, JULY 14,
HISTORICAL EXHIBIT OF ANTIQUES,
connected with the town's history in the
High School Building.

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT COMMITTEE.

MRS. S. KATHERINE ADAMS, *Chairman*.

MRS. DAVIS B. KENISTON. MISS MILLICENT WEEKS.

Large collections of rare old articles were contributed by Mrs. Willis Kidder, Miss Augusta Glynn, Miss Helen Clark, Miss Susan C. Russell, Miss Eleanor J. Clark and Miss Caroline Levett, and many others.

On Monday people thronged the lower floor of the beautiful High School building, where the loan exhibit of ancient relics was shown.

It was a curious and interesting display of the cherished heirlooms of former days,—mute testimony of many truths, according as one had eyes to see or ears to hear.

There was the original charter of Plymouth, granted by Gov. Benning Wentworth to sixty-two grantees, at Portsmouth, July 15, 1763. In this list were some names borne by leading families of today, others quite unfamiliar to us. There were old deeds of land grants, and other legal papers, in quaint handwriting, original spelling and bountiful capitalization. Many books dating back to the 1700's, with their bewilderings's, treated of every subject from religious themes to higher mathematics. There was an interesting collection of old coins and paper money.

The first Plymouth post office was there in its entirety. It consisted of a huge, old-fashioned bureau-desk with large drawers labeled "Hanover," "Boston," "Haverhill," etc., in which the postmaster deposited outgoing mail to await the weekly stage; also numerous pigeon holes and small drawers in the upper part in which the incoming mail was placed for the patrons of the office. One could almost see one of those old, blue-papered letters, folded to form its own envelope, sealed with wax, beginning,—“I take my pen in hand to inform you that I received your letter of May 19th in due time, that it found me and mine

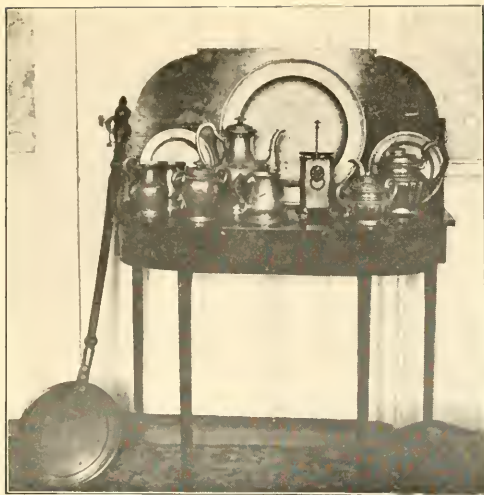
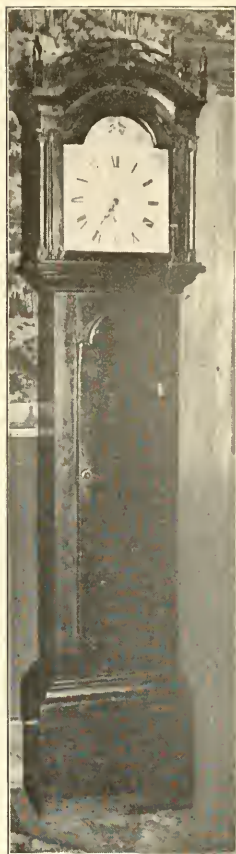


Photo by J. E. Boynton

OLD PEWTER



LOOM



CLOCK DATED 1792



CHINA OVER 150 YEARS OLD



FIREPLACE—MRS. LOUISA W. HALL

ATTIC IN CLARK HOMESTEAD

enjoying the blessing of good health as I hope these few lines may find you the same." And so on in formal phraseology giving good moral advice interspersed with bits of dear home news.

Passing to another room one could readily reconstruct the home life of yore. There were oldtime tin bakers to be placed before the glowing coals of the fireplace; a beautiful collection of rare china in lustre ware, gold band, blue, mulberry, pink and lavender. This was flanked by pewter utensils of various forms and even the old wooden trenehers. Brass candlesticks and snuffers suggested the home-made tallow dips. There were old foot-warmers used in the unheated churches or on long sleigh rides; brass warming pans that mitigated the chill of the icy bed in the spare room; a curious little pair of tongs which an old-time smoker used to fill his pipe, take a coal from the fireplace and light it. And here in a pottery vase was a bunch of posies of all hues from mother's own garden!

The first communion set of pewter, now the possession of Major Frank Russell, used in the first church on Ward's Hill was there also. A tall clock, bearing the date 1792, owned by A. J. Pike is said to have ticked away the hours in Daniel Webster's home. The following verses were beside this ancient timepiece:

More than a hundred years have passed
Since first its works begun,
Since first its voice rang out to greet
The rising of the sun.

Tell me what hands have drawn thy weights
What eyes thy face have scanned,
With hope or fear or a longing wish
Thou couldst not understand.

And looking in its face today
Where the flickering firelight played
I question what it hath seen and heard
In the long departed days.

The occupations of the people were vividly suggested. An old loom which came from the family of Stephen York, operated by its owner, Mrs. Manson York, was the center of unflagging interest to the spectators, as the shuttle flew back and forth and the strip of carpeting grew, while others showed us how our mothers spun the rolls into yarn and reeled it into skeins by

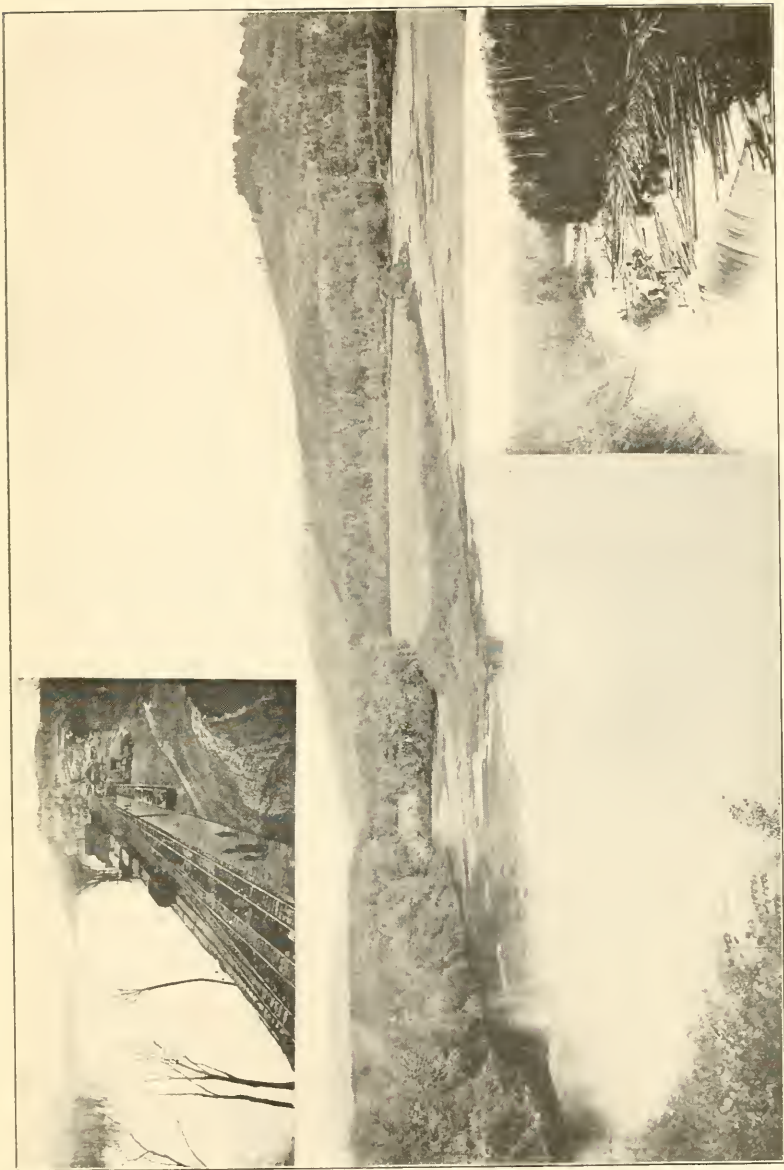
means of the clock-reel. There were flax wheels, also, for the spinning of linen thread. Beautiful old blankets and coverlids of blue and white, brown, and more rarely green or rose, testified to the skill and industry of the women-folk; as well as sheets and pillow cases, towels and table cloths of linen; bead bags, exquisite embroidery and samplers showing the stitches of "Elizabeth, aged nine." That the men-folk occupied their spare time well was proved by the substantial home-made chairs, among them one made by the Rev. Nathan Ward, the first minister. If his sermons had the same enduring quality they must have served his congregation well.

Then came the wearing apparel of the women and children. A pair of "stays" with stiff wooden ribs instead of steels made kin of grandma and us of today in our little vanities. There were silk and cotton gowns of various colors and designs from the skimpy skirts of greatgrandmother, similar to those of today—to the voluminous folds that concealed the immense hoop skirts of the 60's. There were rare old silk shawls, feather fans, jewelry, bonnets from the ancient green "calash," down through the "sky scrapers" of the 40's to the tiny, wee ones of the 75's. A sample of a wedding gown of 1700 bore the legend,—“Dolly Leavitt spun the thread from flax and wove this cloth for her wedding gown. It was sent to Boston and the figures were stamped on it by hand.” A little pair of linen breeches were said to have been worn by the infant, John Adams, when his mother presented her son to the notice of Marquis de Lafayette.

Our part in the wars was shown by the collection of arms from the Revolution and Civil War. The boys were especially interested in the old flintlock muskets, the swords, the powder horns, and in two Revolutionary canteens which resembled little wooden cheese boxes, iron bound; one had on it a rudely painted bleeding heart, the meaning unknown. Then there was the whole war outfit of our townsman, Manson Brown, through the Civil War,—the knapsack, musket, cap, and coat.

And so on; things too numerous to mention, loaned freely by their owners, who valued them for the days that were.

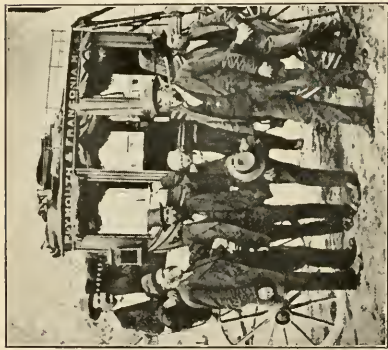
It was not simply a curious display to us, but the Past was still with us, teaching us in a tender and beautiful way. As one weary, elderly woman expressed it,—“*Their* heads don't ache, and they are better off than we.” People lingered to tell how



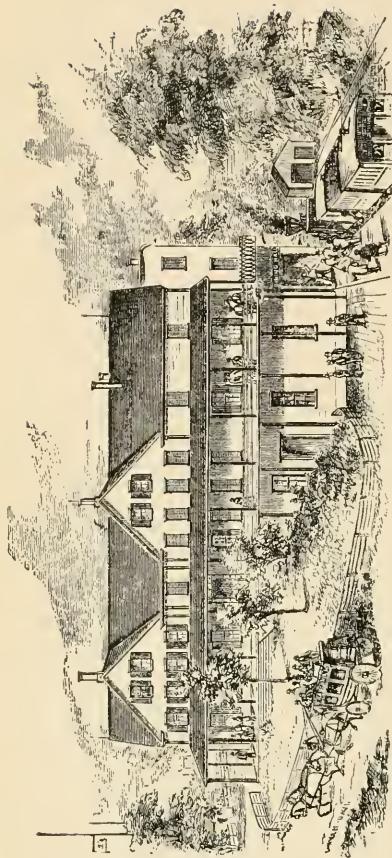
FRESHET, 1895

JUNCTION OF BAKER AND PEMIGEWASSET RIVER

A LOG DRIVE AT LAVERMORE FALLS



1870



1850



1863



1909

their mother's or grandmother's things at home were like these, or better, and to re-live old days. Then former friends, so long separated that Old Time had changed them to strangers, would meet, gaze, then clasp hands and visit.

So we celebrated our anniversary, through lecture, speeches on the Common and pageant, in all quite forgetful of the present until all the members of the pageant circled the field and dissolved again into the Past through the shadowy green paths of the woodland.

MONDAY, JULY 14, 8 P. M.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL LECTURE IN
MUSIC HALL.

PLYMOUTH AND CONTEMPORARY INCIDENTS
BY REV. C. W. WILSON.

Indian Songs *Cadman*
Sung by MISS WILHELMINA R. KENISTON
Accompanied by MRS. BESSIE F. PEASE.

A large number of the views were contributed by Mr. George G. Clark of Boston and Plymouth and some special local views were taken by Dr. H. H. Lamson.

Rev. Cyrus Richardson presided and introduced Rev. C. W. Wilson, and the following is an abstract of the lecture delivered, which had been previously given on May 29 to the school children in the afternoon and the adults in the evening, in High School Hall.

Among the noblest elements of human life is the desire to do honor and respect to the past and the labors of those who have prepared the way for the benefits of the present; therefore, we do well in desiring to honor the founders of this town, who laid the foundations of the community life one hundred and fifty years ago.

For nearly one hundred and fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at the first Plymouth of the New World, this territory remained well-nigh undisturbed by the white settlers. Capt. Thomas Baker came with his famous exploring party in the year 1712, but no plan of settlement was considered until some

of the men of the town of Hollis determined to form a new settlement in the Pemigewasset valley and secured the charter of this town, as loyal subjects of King George the Third, July 15, 1763. The remainder of the year was spent with active preparations for the new settlement and in May of the following year the colony arrived and began the life of our honored town of Plymouth. These first settlers were people of deep religious conviction and they organized the Congregational Church of Plymouth before leaving the town of Hollis and spent their first Sunday in the new settlement in services of worship, in the log cabin of Colonel Webster on the site of the former Pemigewasset House, with Rev. Nathan Ward as minister, who became their settled pastor and ministered to the people for over thirty-three years.

The first decade of the new colony passed prosperously and the colony in 1773 numbered 345 persons, which number included three slaves; but the undisturbed prosperity was now brought to the trying period of the Revolution. In this great struggle for national independence the town has a most honorable record. Plymouth men were in the struggle from the battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill to the battle of Saratoga and shared the hardships of the winter at Valley Forge.

After the Revolution Plymouth shared the common lot of hardship and trial, but with the rest of the country was "rich in hope." The courage as well as the continuing religious purpose of the people is revealed in the building of the new church on the top of Ward's Hill in 1787, to supersede the inadequate first building which had been erected at the foot of the hill. It was a time of great scarcity of money and the subscriptions for the new edifice were to be paid in the products of the field (wheat, Indian corn, peas, etc.).

The population of 1783 reported ninety-two males and the work of new constructive enterprise went forward. An item of the times stated that whipping posts and stocks were ordered to be erected by the Court as part of the stern penalties for all law breakers.

Plymouth was not called upon to bear much of the burden of the War of 1812, although some of the men of the town went to Portsmouth at a time of expected invasion and a few men enlisted for the service. The period from the War of 1812 to the

beginning of the Civil War is nearly a fifty-year period, and this half century was a remarkable one in the development of the life and growth of the town. The population increased from 625 persons in 1790 to 1,407 in 1860. Perhaps few things will reveal the progress of the community more than the buildings erected during this period and the institutions established. "The Old Brick," for so many years the center of Plymouth's mercantile life was erected in 1822, the Holmes Academy was opened in 1826, the first brick court house in 1823, and the present Congregational Church edifice in 1836 (transferring the meeting house location from its historic place on Ward's hill to the center of the village). A Social library organization was formed as early as 1807, and the first banking house in 1825, on the site of the present Kidder building.

During this period the Methodist Episcopal and Universalist churches began their work for the community in addition to the First Church (the Congregational). During the last half of this division of fifty years, preceeding the Civil War, Plymouth gained its fame as being the "Gateway to the White Mountains." The First Pemigewasset House became one of the best known hostleries of the country, and before the days of the continuation of the railroad the stage coach service from Plymouth to the Mountains formed an interesting and picturesque feature of the life of the community. After the burning of the first Pemigewasset House in 1862 the second stately structure was erected and its success rivaled that of the first building. It was within the walls of this second Pemigewasset House that the celebrated writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, came with his friend ex-President Franklin Pierce and died during the hours of the night after his arrival. After standing about fifty years this structure was also destroyed by fire in May, 1909.

During the progress of the Civil War Plymouth was true to her patriotic record and gave freely of her sons and of her wealth to support the cause of the nation. Stirring war meetings were held in the Congregational Church and elsewhere and the town voted promptly to pay the usual bounty for all enlisted soldiers. The town furnished from 155 to 165 of its men for the great conflict and paid over \$31,000 in bounties.

Once again our attention is directed to a well-nigh fifty-year period since the close of the war in the history of the town until

the present time, and this last period has been the best of all in progress, growth and development. The passing away of most of the business blocks of wood and the erection of substantial buildings of brick has greatly improved the village. The selection of the village as the seat of the State Normal School, which has developed to its present commanding position, with its fine building and equipment, the erection of the fine buildings for the high and grammar schools, and the excellent work accomplished, the establishment of the Holderness School for Boys (ever in reality a Plymouth institution) has given the town a continuing reputation since the days of Holmes Academy as an educational center and a town of culture.

In addition to all of this the town has just reason for pride in the splendid manufacturing plants it possesses, whose products go out to the ends of the earth.

At this point in the lecture, Miss Wilhelmina R. Keniston sang two of Cadman's Indian Songs, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters" and "The Moon Drops Low," both typical of the early days of our country when the Indians were the only inhabitants of our hills and valleys;—also "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore.

Mr. John Keniston was then called upon to explain the peculiarly local pictures.

This was "the forest primeval," to paraphrase from Evangeline, one hundred and fifty years ago today. A pine forest shows what the surveyors were passing through in marking out the lots one hundred and fifty years ago this summer. Plymouth seems to have been a specially reserved grant, for all the other towns around it were chartered previously. It contained an unusual amount of intervale lands, a feature most desirable to the new colonists. It was laid out in such a way that each could draw two pieces of intervale of sixteen acres each and two fifty-acre lots of highland. Then there remained thousands of acres for the second division, out of which a liberal amount was transferred to the Campton Proprietors in settlement of the North boundary question, a troublesome discussion for many years.

The title of this division of the views is Picturesque Plymouth. Living here ourselves, we hardly realize the many unique scenes connected with our town.

These river scenes are really historical; for instance, the jam



THOMAS CLARK HOMESTEAD



A HARVEST SCENE CHARLES W. GEORGE



ENTRANCE TO THE FAIR GROUNDS



PULLING CONTEST

of logs at Livermore Falls represents an every spring occurrence of river driving from the forties to the eighties.

The picture of the Holderness Bridge (see frontispiece) brings to mind that this was at first a toll bridge. The toll house was the one on the right nearest the river. This bridge has been called on the town records "La Fayette" and is so referred to in some deeds.

This freshet in 1895 is one of the many in the history of the Pemigewasset River,—1869, 1872, and others equally as great.

The Thomas Clark place at West Plymouth was the Stephen Wells Tavern in 1801 and was the place where the Masons first held their meetings. The fireplace and the attic are splendid pictures of those good old times.

Here is one of the town fathers, though unmarried, a descendant of one of the early settlers of the town; you all know Charles W. George. His father also was a selectman.

These views of the usual "annual fair" are typical of a recurring feature for nearly fifty years. While these views are of recent date, all the older inhabitants have seen them duplicated from time to time. The picture of Stephen Glover's cattle winning the pulling contest is significant of the man. Someone had remarked that "the test was unfair because pulling down hill," whereupon Mr. Glover headed the cattle up hill and won the prize. Having promised to drive an ox team in the pageant for tomorrow makes this picture of peculiar interest in view of his recent death.

The view of the Bond, Moody & Mason and Dearborn buildings, formerly located where the Tufts and Fox Blocks are now, brings to mind that these were burned in the early sixties.

The picture of the center of the village shows the Blair & Leverett office just beyond the church, the Common and the row of "ten footers" on the left, among which was the post office and the first telephone office.

Here is one of those unconscious pictures in which two prominent men were recorded on the sensitive plate by Harry Heath, the photographer in one of the buildings opposite the Common known as the "ten footers," which has been shown in another picture. Mr. Kidder, who stands on the right, had just returned from a trip to the Nile River and was consulting with Mr. Fox,

on the left, a merchant and also a selectman for many years, about the remodelling of the Congregational Church.

The Daniel Webster Court House used later as a wheelwright shop at South Main Street, is now the Public Library, the gift of Hon. H. W. Blair to the Library Association.

These residents were among the important men in the development of the town. Mr. Lewis F. Merrill was a builder of houses and an enthusiast in street tree planting. Almost all of the trees on North Main, Merrill and Weeks Streets were planted by him.

Mr. Amos M. Kidder, born in Plymouth, after the stress of business retired to his native town, and proceeded to build many valuable structures and started the construction of macadam roads and other permanent improvements.

Mr. Joseph A. Dodge, a resident here during his active life, was the superintendent of the old Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad.

Mr. Samuel C. Webster, a member of the firm founded by Moor Russell in 1798, was a merchant of the old type and a great trainer of successful business men.

Hon. Henry W. Blair was once a Plymouth lawyer, afterwards a congressman and then a United States senator. He was always a hearty participant in affairs of public improvement.

Mr. James F. Langdon was a man we may well call the Grand Old Man of our town, of fine character, a public-spirited man and generous in that he took the risk of investing his savings in a water system which has protected us from greater losses by fire and annihilation by disease for want of pure drinking water.

The closing remarks of the lecture by Mr. Wilson were as follows:

The town at this anniversary time may well reflect with pride and honor both on the strong men and noble women that have always been numbered among its citizenship and also in the record of its sons and daughters that have gone out from the old home town to play their part nobly in the world's life and work.

All honor to the faithful men and women of one hundred and fifty years ago who braved the perils and hardships of the wilderness to lay the foundation stones of this goodly structure which we have in our community life, they could not see the end of their toil or its honor, as they rendered day by day their faithful service; but the God and Savior whom they worshipped and honored



CORNER OF MAIN AND HIGHLAND STREETS, 1860



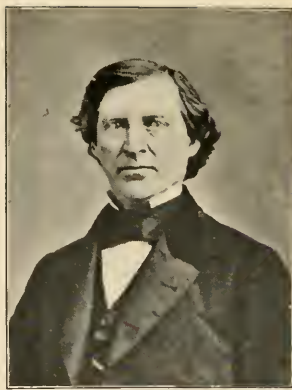
CENTER OF THE TOWN, 1880



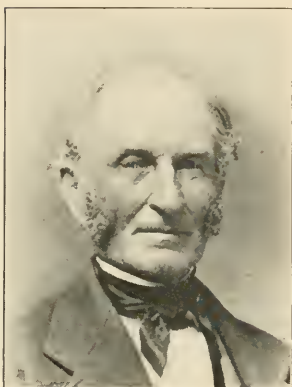
HIGHLAND STREET AND COMMON, 1893



MOOR RUSSELL
1757-1851



SAMUEL C. WEBSTER
1817-1883



JAMES F. LANGDON
1804-1887



LEWIS F. MERRILL
1816-1883



JOSEPH A. DODGE
1818-1883



AMOS M. KIDDER
1837-1903

from the first days of their habitation, hath highly exalted them in these abiding institutions, and may we who are the builders of today, with like faith and fidelity and trust in the God of our Fathers, add to these historic foundations by laying worthy and noble foundations for the coming years. Let us reverently not only say "God save the state and the nation," but with equal reverence say with all our hearts "*God save the town*" and give added honor and glory to the name of *Plymouth*.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 9 A. M.

CIVIC PARADE.

All roads led to Plymouth and it seemed as if everyone throughout the Pemigewasset Valley had gathered here to do honor to the town. Several days before the celebration began, the staid old town burst forth in a perfect fever of bunting—red, white and blue—unchecked but not undamped by frequent showers which prepared the way for this, the third successive day of clear blue sky and mild breezes. Hundreds of summer guests from all of the nearby resorts came by train and automobile to witness the exercises.

Promptly at 9.30 a. m. the civic parade formed on North Main Street, under command of Major George R. Foster, and Aids Walter B. Adams of East Orange, N. J., Harry S. Sherwood and Clesen Tenney. The parade moved down Main Street west of the Common to Russell, Warren, up South Main Street to the Common, in the following order:

Chief Marshal, Maj. George R. Foster.

City letter carriers, Harl Pease, Moody P. Gore and Leon W. Worthen, mounted and in uniform, carrying the United States flag.

Three six-horse teams of the Plymouth Highway Department, with employees in white.

Pemigewasset Hose Company No. 1.

Aquangemuck Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

Float of Plymouth Ice Company.

Street Sprinkling Department.

Float of the Standard Oil Company.

- The Keniston band, John Keniston, director.
 Cadet Clesen Tenney of West Point, aid to the marshal.
 One hundred children from the primary schools.
 Emerson E. O. Gitchell Canton, I. O. O. F., No. 14, Farley G.
 Avery, captain.
 R. O. Wright Camp No. 17, Sons of Veterans.
 Six-horse float containing pupils of the Plymouth district schools.
 Float, High School.
 Float, John W. Harrower.
 Float, Draper-Maynard Company.
 Puritan Drum Corps.
 Exhibit of stock and automobile from the Pemigewasset Farms.
 Chaise, 100 years old, carrying Mrs. Moody Page Gore of
 Plymouth and Mrs. E. C. E. Dorion of Boston.
 Float, Lester E. Mitchell.
 Float, Tufts & Co.
 Walter B. Adams of East Orange, N. J., aid to the marshal.
 Float, Charles S. Milligan.
 Float, Albert M. Rand.
 Float, William R. Coffey.
 Float, Albert F. Burt & Co.
 Float, Henry W. Rogers.
 Team in pink and white, driven by Miss Hazel Fern Caldon,
 representing Fred W. Brown.
 Float, W. G. & I. H. Chase.
 Float, Frank Green Smith.

At the same time a decorated automobile parade of twenty-five cars formed on South Main Street under command of Edward A. Chase and the celebration committee, and moving north met the civic parade. In the automobiles were the General Committee, the speakers, the Civil War Veterans, and the octogenarians of the town with their husbands and wives, who were the special guests of the day.

When opposite the State Normal School grounds the parade was halted to witness the unveiling of a tablet, erected on a seven-ton boulder by the Asquamchumauke Chapter, D. A. R. The tablet marks the site of the Holmes Plymouth Academy and New Hampshire's First Normal School. Two little girls, Eliza-

beth Denman of Sedan, Kan., and Thorndike Rubert of Owego, N. Y., daughters of members of the chapter, officiated at the unveiling.

The automobile parade moved up Main Street to High, Langdon, Pleasant, Winter and Russell Streets where it met the civic parade, giving the guests a second opportunity of witnessing the floats.

When the parade reached the Common, three thousand people were massed about the bandstand, where the speaking exercises of the day took place, with Honorable Alvin F. Wentworth as President of the day.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 10.30 A. M.

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY EXERCISES.

Fellow-citizens, Friends and Neighbors of the good old historic town of Plymouth:

We greet you here today; we welcome you at these exercises of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Mr. Keniston, who so kindly introduced me, says that we have to preserve all these pictures and all of the historic things which are now on exhibition for the next celebration fifty years from now. That probably may be true, so far as he is concerned, but as for the rest of us we are going to remain here ourselves and be here fifty years from now to take part at the next celebration.

You do not want to listen to any extended remarks from me. You have come here to listen to others, and it is not my purpose to rob them of their time.

Plymouth has many things to be proud of. She has long been noted for her achievements in an educational manner. Those began many years ago, only forty-five years after the granting of the charter of Plymouth. This is not a long time in the memory of man, and it certainly is a short time compared with the history of a town. That institution was established and later on dedicated to the education of young ladies and young men who chose to come for the purpose of extending, in a broader way, the education of the state. That, my fellow-citizens, was the thirteenth institution that was established in New Hampshire.

We are now gathered together where some of the first settlers settled, and where one hundred and fifty years ago today was a wilderness. No wonder that when we pause and reflect we are reminded that Plymouth then, as she is now, was first in education and mental progress. Today we point with pride to our institutions of learning—to our Normal School and our High School, whose fit for college cannot be surpassed.

We have just unveiled a tablet in commemoration of a part of this event, presented by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and as one of the milestones which our beloved town is passing on its journey, and first, as a part of our exercises, let us turn our attention to this.

I take pleasure in introducing to you Mrs. Jennie J. Webster, wife of Dr. Lorin Webster, rector of the Holderness School, who will now, in behalf of Asquamchumauke Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, present this tablet in commemoration of Holmes Plymouth Academy.

Mr. President, Fellow-Citizens of Plymouth, Former Residents and Guests:

This is a day of memories. Plymouth with its one hundred and fifty years is filled with historic interest and long before the granting of the town charter, history was being made here that will survive through the ages.

Before a white man traversed this part of the country a band of Indians encamped near the confluence of our two rivers. Moving along the banks of the longer stream they found the course was crooked and they called the river the Pemigewasset. Tracing the smaller stream back to its source they discovered that it rose on Mount Moosilauke,—“the place of the moose”—and, therefore, they named the second river Asquamchumauke by combining three Indian words, *asquam*, *wadehu*, and *auke*, meaning “the place of the mountain water.” Asquamchumauke was as familiarly known as was Pemigewasset until after Lieut. Thomas Baker’s encounter with the Indians. His brave deeds were told and retold until, forgetting its significance, the Indian word was dropped and the stream has since been called Baker’s River.

Rather more than two years ago a local chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed in Plymouth and by unanimous vote of its charter members the chapter was called Asquamchumauke Chapter, thus giving such prominence to this rhythmic, musical Indian word that it will be heard the length and breadth of this great country. All patriotic organizations are interested in locating and preserving historic places and events. Asquamchumauke Chapter considers it a privilege to take even a small part in this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration, and it is with a deep sense of thankfulness that it can unveil and dedicate today a granite boulder bearing a bronze tablet with this inscription:



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, 1873-1891



HOLMES PLYMOUTH ACADEMY



Photo by Dalton Studio

MEMORIAL TABLET AND BOULDER

“THIS TABLET MARKS THE SITE OF
HOLMES PLYMOUTH ACADEMY,
ESTABLISHED IN 1808 THROUGH
THE LIBERALITY AND PUBLIC SPIRIT OF
COLONEL SAMUEL HOLMES
OF CAMPTON, N. H.
A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.
THE FIRST TRAINING FOR TEACHERS
IN NEW HAMPSHIRE WAS GIVEN HERE IN 1837.
THE ACADEMY BUILDINGS WERE PRESENTED
TO THE STATE FOR A NORMAL SCHOOL IN 1871.
ERECTED BY
ASQUAMCHUMAUK CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
JULY 15, 1913.”

The ground where the boulder has been placed was made historic through the wise forethought and generosity of prominent men living in this vicinity in the early part of the eighteenth century. Realizing the importance of having good educational advantages for the younger generation, they set about raising funds for an academy and secured for it an act of incorporation from the state legislature. Col. Samuel Holmes was living in Campton at that time—a man who was a Revolutionary soldier, a colonel in the militia and prominent in town affairs. Although Colonel Holmes had no children of his own, still, because he was public-spirited, broad-minded and generous, he gave liberally of his substance to promote this educational project. His gift must have been appreciated for the Act of Incorporation which was granted in 1808 established an academy at Plymouth by the name of “Holmes Plymouth Academy.” Col. Samuel Holmes was president and treasurer of the board of trustees until his death in 1823. The memory of this man and of his good deeds will live.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Reed Hall became principal of Holmes Plymouth Academy in 1837 and the first training for teachers in New Hampshire was given here by him in that year. To Dr. Hall belongs the distinction and honor of being the first person in America to give normal training in the art of teaching.

Holmes Plymouth Academy had its halcyon days and its periods of depression. After years of struggle, the corporation was dissolved and a private school took its place. The Act of Incorporation for a normal school was granted in 1870 and after the trustees decided to establish a school in Plymouth, attractively and centrally located, the town purchased the Academy buildings in 1871 and presented them to the state.

The last line of the inscription, “July 15, 1913,” is simply a fact today but tomorrow it will be history that will grow in value as the years increase. The date marks the observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of this town. As the centuries come and go, may stone and bronze be kept unharmed and may the inscription, withstanding the ravages of time, remain legible. May the coming history of Plymouth be such that,

although it may not be inscribed in tablets of bronze or marble, it will be recorded with credit in the Book of Life.

I have the honor of introducing to you Prof. Henry D. Wyatt of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was at one time a student in Holmes Plymouth Academy and later an instructor there for a short time, and who has since been prominently identified in other states in educational matters.

GLIMPSES OF SCHOOL LIFE IN PLYMOUTH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls of fifty years ago and Boys and Girls of the present generation:

"All roads lead to Rome" used to be a familiar expression, so all roads lead to Plymouth. For some time after I was born everything looked so new and strange, I could not tell whether I was on the Campton or Plymouth side of the line, but as I grew older, I would see people passing; "Where are you going?" "We are going to Plymouth." Teams with their great loads, four- and six-horse stage loads of people were constantly going to and from Plymouth.

I remember one day being in the *old district school* near the corner of Main and Hog road in Campton and we children heard a long, continuous whistle, and the teacher said it was the cars coming into Plymouth. In education, as in business and pleasure, we supplemented by going to Plymouth.

The first select school I attended in Plymouth was taught by Miss Johnson in the village school building on Main Street. I studied Latin, Geometry, etc., and declaimed "On the deck stood Columbus." We sung in the closing exercises the part song, "The Old Mountain Tree."

In the old Plymouth Academy Mr. George Merrill and Mr. A. J. Huntoon held sway as principals from the spring of 1860 to 1862, inclusive. Some of the assistants were Mr. Elisha Hinds, the French teacher, and Mrs. Huntoon who taught a flourishing Primary Department a portion of the time, and for a short time I assisted in the common English branches.

Under Mr. Merrill we boys were startled with the announcement that we must have orations. My subject was "Man the Architect of his own Fortune." One of the illustrations used was Daniel Webster. The principal gave me a good, practical lesson in the art of condensation by crossing out a large portion of my long introduction and substituting therefor a short, comprehensive comparison. In one of our exhibitions in the second story hall, to properly carry out the play a gun must be fired in the school yard below, and a signal was to be given by a pistol shot from the upper window. The speaker was charged with that important duty and also he must immediately rush to the stage and pitch and lead a piece of vocal music without the aid of an instrument. The window not being fully open, the somewhat confined pistol shot stopped up both ears of the performer, but the play must proceed at all hazards, and so he rushed in and *mechanically struck a pitch and led the music*—but from that day to this has never been able to tell

what pitch was given or how the music sounded, and it was several hours before his head resumed its normal condition.

The school terms at the academy were usually during the spring and fall. There was no established curriculum but the course of study was arranged, largely, so as to conform to the ideas of the principal and the needs and wishes of the students. The old district school was ungraded, but was popular and very valuable whenever it obtained the right kind of a teacher, who must teach all beginners and advanced classes of boys and girls whether the school numbered *ten* or *fifty* pupils. The drill in mental Arithmetic and Grammatical analysis of those days, I fancy, would be interesting for both grammar and high school students of the present day, and challenge their keenest thought.

Yes, the *Old District Schools* may be regarded as the *little standing armies* or *garrisons* of the *Great Republic for liberty and education*. No substitute has yet been found to completely fill the place of the old singing school. Think of the old Chorus Club that used to meet at the Pemigewasset House and wrestle with the vocal and instrumental music of the old masters!

In the winter of 1860-1861 I taught in Anson Merrill's district and the Lower Intervale—two schools in one season, and the next year in the Lower Intervale. Some debates were held in this district in which citizens participated, notably, Mr. Daniel and Henry Currier. We wrestled with such questions as "Whatever is, is right." *Resolved*, "That there is no such thing as genius."

In 1862 I was studying Greek with Squire Burns, an excellent teacher, but heeding the call "to arms" I enlisted in the army, and returned in '63, and, at the suggestion of my old teacher, took the Primary Department of the village school, and later in the winter of '67-'68 I taught the Grammar Department.

"A little child shall lead." To be a good teacher of little children is a great accomplishment. Looking at it rightly the little child oft turns teacher and the teacher becomes the learner. But the abandon and trustworthiness of small children, when they have been well trained in musical or physical exercises, are remarkable, and as illustrated in the allegory, *Childhood and Youth* are restless, and eager to press forward in search of greater happiness and more alluring prizes.

"Now children do not hurry away,
Let's sing a song and join in play,
The day is *long* ere night will come,
Let's wait a little and have some fun."

"Oh Teacher, *quick*, we all must go,
For we must each have time to grow
Rich fruits and prizes our coming await,
And *Youth* stands watching at the gate."

"There's truth my children in what you say,
But can't you linger *just one more day*?
Let's frolic and sing in joyous play,
And chase the prizes another day."

“*Oh we can't wait*—just look up there,
 See the golden fruits, the *gems so rare*:
 So we must hurry and soon be there,
 Or we shall never get our share.”

And so the children all have fled—
 Not one is left—and *some are dead*:
 Others have scattered, some grown gray,
 Since that beautiful, merry childhood day.

Sweet, innocent, playful *Childhood*.
 How bright, and cheery your song;
 Oh *Youth* with bright visions of glory,
 The joyous, sweet strain prolong.

Noble Manhood in the thick of the battle,
 All full of its business and strife;
Old Age, with its *losses and triumphs*,
 Reaps the fruits of its earlier life.

Returning again to Plymouth Academy, a picture of the school and building was shown, also an old circular of 1864. From the spring of '64 to '65 inclusive, Mr. E. Mellen Wight and Henry D. Wyatt were principals, and for a portion of the time Miss Martha Hazelton and Miss Sarah E. Blair were assistants. We had a lively, interesting school and as we believed that religion and morality were an important part of education, the Bible, prayer and song were introduced, and sometimes a religious meeting was held for students outside of school hours. The academy was kept open during the summer of '64 by H. D. Wyatt with a smaller school. This was in the line of permanency and what might have been had not the war fever interrupted we cannot tell.

“Dear Holmes Plymouth Academy—we cherish your name,
 Your projectors, so worthy, are entitled to fame,
 Your hardships and trials, the struggles you met,
 We, your children, now grateful, should never forget.
 Your conceptions were lofty, your plans deep and broad,
 Religion, Education, *your standard The Word*;
 All hail to the heroes who thus early did rally
 For the uplift of this great Pemigewasset Valley.
 With curriculum extensive, teachers gifted and true,
 Students earnest, devoted, and though sometimes but few,
 The Roll sometimes grew larger spread out to our view,
 Showing students more useful, perhaps, than they knew,
 And their value as leaders in the world's fierce strife,
 Their value as workers in the great battle of life,
 All thro' this valley and the world's wide domain,
 The good results of their labors must ever remain.
 Then to *Holmes Plymouth Academy* let's rally once more,
 Let our acclamations grow stronger than ever before:



GENERAL COMMITTEE



MARSHALS



CITY CARRIERS



SCENES IN THE CIVIC PARADE

So high in ideal, yet careful in choice,
 She led and encouraged with cheerful voice;
 There was interest in study, excitement in play,
 With prayer and sweet music she led the way;
 She believed in activity—true progress and song,
 Not averse to enjoyment by the youthful throng,
 But ne'er deemed it wise to introduce or let in
 Modern faucies and fads, or anything akin
 To the 'aeroplane glide' or one step 'tango'—I wot,
 Nor a *bunny hug waltz* or '*the turkey trot*.' "

Pioneer work is oftentimes slow in showing the best results and especially in educational matters—but, when the people of Plymouth and vicinity rebuilt the old Holmes Plymouth Academy they showed an earnest, heroic spirit, and although the enterprise was not self-sustaining, and finally resulted in dissolution, you may now congratulate yourselves that the worthy efforts then put forth were, at least, one great factor in producing your normal school, your high school, and your excellent system of public education.

Two of the notable things in one of our school exhibitions were "The Six Crows," and Plymouth in 1922. The latter was an original piece written in rhyme describing some of the changes about to take place—Hand Chopping Mills, telegraph at every man's door, flying machines or airships bringing the papers from California, canal cut from Livermore Falls and the flat across the river occupied by cotton mills, the old academy changed to an educational use, but different from the present. The Rip Van Winkle of the play was one of the students who had slept until 1922 and when awakened described the village as it appeared nearly sixty years before. That student has been active in his sleep and is one of your best professional men, and when he becomes fully awake in 1922, I will not venture to suggest what practical or wonderful things he may reveal. There are yet nine years remaining for the full accomplishment of the predictions made so long ago. Should Plymouth keep on growing rapidly, and in a quarter of a century boast of fifty or seventy-five thousand inhabitants—by the introduction of various manufacturing enterprises, then electric street car lines would be in order, also lines running to The Weirs and the nearby towns and villages, and the Plymouth Light and Power Company would establish an electric plant at Livermore Falls, instead of cutting a canal to furnish all the power needed. Then a *Great White Way* might be established from the Baker's River Bridge to the foot of Main Street, also extending along School Street, up Highland Street to the Pemigewasset Hotel and ending with a 600-foot Tower on Ward's Hill.

Oh the beautiful hills and valleys so fair,
 With wild flowers so brilliant, and pure, bracing air;
 Oh, the beautiful rivers so charming in flow,
 As they come from the mountains, and southward they go
 To swell the great ocean so restless and free,
 They murmur and sing on their way to the sea,

Oh, charming, bright meadows with birds and sweet flowers,
 With their gurgling rills, and soft shady bowers;
 We hail thee old Plymouth with location so fair,
 Like a gem fringed with jewels so rich and so rare;
 How happy thy people, thy churches and schools,
 How happy thy outlook where sagacity rules,
 Come stand on Ward's Hill, view the broad landscape o'er,
 Mark the entrancing beauties of nature's bounteous store,
 Baker's crystal river, fair slopes and laughing rills,
 White cottages, variegated meadows backed by evergreen hills.
 The New Pemigewasset with appointments complete,
 Accommodations so ample, substantial and neat,
 With outlook so cheerful, table classed with the best,
 A delightful place for tired travelers to rest.
Old Plymouth, New Plymouth, all one and the same,
 Look well to your treasures, look well to your fame,
 Let naught bar your progress, nor cause you to err,
 But onward and upward—let nothing deter.
 Let thoughtfulness, patience mark the course you pursue,
 Keep what's good of the old—reach out for the new;
 May your sons and your daughters prove zealous and true,
 That you never may falter, but your *youth* may *renew*.

And now let all who can join in the old song—*Hurrah for old New England*.

1. This is our own, our native home,
 Tho' poor and rough she be,
 The home of many a noble soul,
 The birthplace of the free.
 We'll love her rocks and rivers,
 'Til death our quick blood chills,
 Hurrah for old New England,
 And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for old New England,
 And her cloud-capp'd granite hills,
 Hurrah for old New England,
 And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.

2. Shall not the land, tho' poor she be,
 That gave a Webster birth,
 With pride step forth to take her place
 With the mightiest of the earth;
 Then for his sake whose lofty fame
 Our farthest boundaries fills,
 We'll shout for old New England,
 And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.

CHORUS.

3. They tell us of our freezing clime,
 Our hard and rugged soil,
 Which hardly half repays us for
 Our spring-time care and toil;
 Yet gaily sings the merry boy,
 As his homestead farm he tells,
 Hurrah for old New England,
 And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.

CHORUS.

4. Others may seek the western clime,
 They say 'tis passing fair,
 That sunny are its laughing skies,
 And soft its balmy air;
 We'll linger round our childhood's home,
 'Til age our warm blood chills,
 'Til we die in old New England,
 And sleep beneath her hills.

CHORUS.

We have with us today a man who is a descendant, perhaps, of one of the oldest families of this town—this was an honored family whose name will never be forgotten in the history of Plymouth—a man who has accomplished much and of whom Plymouth is proud.

It gives me pleasure, without taking more of your time, to introduce Rev. William Hayes Ward, lineal descendant from the third generation of clergymen from Rev. Nathan Ward, first settled minister of Plymouth.

Mr. President, Fellow Citizens of Plymouth:

I think I may today call myself a citizen of Plymouth. I am by lineage if not by present residence. I rejoice in Plymouth. It has been an old name with me—a proud old name. How many times my father would tell about it. And I must introduce myself further as a son, not only of an old resident of Plymouth, Rev. James Wilson Ward, but my grandfather was pastor of the church here for many years, Rev. Jonathan Ward; and his father, Nathan Ward, was the pastor of the first church and a member of the first colony that came here and settled this town of Plymouth. And I think of Plymouth as a sort of model of the better influences that made our country, just as I think of New Hampshire as a sort of model of the country itself.

Have you ever thought of it, that two great elements of power met in the settlement of this country and those same two elements met and sought their several aims in the settlement of New Hampshire? Remember that the

largest part of the United States was settled for the purpose of trade, of merchandise, of getting a better position in life for themselves. Besides all who came for that purpose there were those who came for one other purpose also, which was predominant over it, that is, those who came for a special religious purpose, and they came to Plymouth, Boston and Salem, Mass. Those were the only colonists that came to this country along the whole extent of the United States for the purpose of freedom in religious life; and yet, for whatever other purpose of trade or wealth settlers came to Maine, to Portsmouth in New Hampshire, or came to Virginia or Georgia or Florida or Louisiana or to the extreme west, whether English, French or Spanish, yet this little portion that came to Plymouth, that came to Salem, that came to Boston, have given tone and character, principle and religion to the whole nation. Strange it is that such a thing has been.

Now how was it in New Hampshire? In New Hampshire there came a company of merchants to Portsmouth. They knew nothing particular about religion, they had no interest particularly in religion.

About the year 1720 there was appointed as governor of New Hampshire at Portsmouth an officer by the name of Burnet. As I remember it he came up in a sloop from Carolina and was met at Newport by a Company of Horse who came down to meet him and accompany him to Portsmouth. The story is told that as he left Newport he asked the captain of that Company of Horse what was the custom in Portsmouth about saying grace at meals, and the answer given to him was this: As your Excellency approaches Boston the graces will become longer and longer, but as your Excellency leaves Boston the graces will become shorter and shorter until you reach your own jurisdiction where there is no grace at all.

Now that represents one of the elements that were to create the state of New Hampshire. There came other colonists, who also sought a better living, but were animated by a higher purpose. A company of them settled in this town of Plymouth. They came from the old Puritan stock that settled in Salem and Boston in 1628 and 1630 fleeing from religious tyranny. They came up here with their church and their minister, with religion in their heart and religion put first in their heart. They sought, as we all must seek, to better their condition, with better land and better farms. But they wanted more—they wanted to bring up their children in the fear of God—they wanted to establish a great commonwealth, not simply strong, but righteous—they put conscience before wealth. They went to church; they built their meeting-house. It was God's commonwealth that they wished to establish. There is more blood and iron in a stern conscience than there is in mines or mountains of gold.

The force which controls everything is the moral force. It is not physical force, it is not political force; it is the moral force. And so it is that we speak of New Hampshire as one of the great states which have a true religious spirit, which believes in God, which believes in the Christian Church, which believes in justice and liberty for all people, and doing good for all.

When I came here the first thing I wanted to do was to walk up to Ward's Hill. I wanted to see the house which my greatgrandfather built. An old

tumbled down house it is now at the top of the hill. I like to see the influence which went forth from the preaching of Nathan Ward and his son, Jonathan Ward. I remember Jonathan Ward very well indeed. He died in 1860, I believe, but for ten years before that he had been in the habit of coming down to see my father who was pastor of the church in Abington, Mass., and he would come down with a lame horse and a chaise from near Exeter and stay with us for weeks and months, perhaps, at a time, and he would preach for my father when over eighty years old. He wanted to do pastoral work and accordingly he would go into the outskirts of the town with horse and chaise, come to one of those small houses and knock at the door. When the woman would come to the door, he would ask in his trembly voice, "Are there any here that would like to have a minister of the Gospel pray with them?" And they liked to have him come; some of them liked it very much. I found that out afterwards when one day—one Sunday in my native town—I had occasion to preach there, and at noon a good old woman from the Thicket, as we called it, stopped where I stopped to get lunch and she came up to me—I had preached in the morning—and she said, "Well, you preached a very good sermon, this morning, a very good sermon." Well that pleased me. "But," says she, "you can't preach the way your father could and he couldn't preach the way his father could." I am ready to believe it. Homer, I remember, said somewhere, and Homer expressed a very general opinion, "Some children are equal to their parents, some few are better, but most are worse." Now I don't believe that the generations grow worse. I believe, and am glad to believe, they grow better—I know they ought to grow better—but I know they grow wiser. I know that we are learning more from generation to generation and I hold to the old teaching that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

We live in a better age than that of our ancestors of a century and a half ago. This does not mean that we are greater or stronger or better men and women, not at all. A dwarf on a giant's shoulders can see farther than the giant. We are heirs of all the progress of these five generations. Science has taught us much. We have learned much of toleration that comes out of liberty, and a wiser notion of religion has come to our people.

My grandfather, Jonathan Ward, thought that Methodism was a sad heresy. He believed that Methodists were almost as bad as Socinians, and Socinians almost as bad as infidels and infidels were about as bad as atheists. Now I haven't the printed sermon my father wrote against the Methodists, but I have the sermon in which the Methodist preacher pitched into my grandfather and answered bigotry with bigotry.

Now, my friends, I want to impress it upon my own self and upon every one of you that there are two things that must stand together and they are religion and education. You cannot separate them; the two belong together. If a people have not the sense to search for truth, to welcome all new truth, their religion will lapse into superstition. If they have not the sense of religion, their education and their learning will lapse into pride and luxury and a fatal loss of character and national ruin will be the result.

Hold them together, the church and the school. Let your children grow up to attend the schools just as soon as you can get them to do it. Pick

out your choicest boys, pick out your choicest girls and let them carry on their education. Father and mother, let them learn what they can, let them be leaders in what is right and good. That is the way it was with my grandfather. He was a leader. He went to college and was one of the two first scholars in his class and he was a man who believed in progress of every sort—was among the first to preach temperance and was equally against slavery. I have the sermon he preached on one occasion in which he showed how wrong slavery was before God. That was before anti-slavery was popular, in the years before Garrison and Phillips and Sumner were speaking against slavery.

I was interested and pleased last night when I heard that Garrison was not allowed to make an address in the first church here. I am not sure that my father would have allowed it in his church and yet my father was an original Abolitionist. Garrison was a brave and persistent speaker against slavery, but at the same time he was one who as persistently made himself the enemy of his country and declared that the Constitution of the United States was “a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell,” and he attacked the Church most bitterly, and the Bible as well, and that was the reason they didn’t allow him to speak in the church.

Now William Lloyd Garrison was a splendid man for all that. He was an honorable man. I read his *Liberator* when I was a boy, and since then I have talked with him, have walked with him and have honored him. When the war came he changed his position towards the country. He honored and loved it for destroying slavery. As we honor and love it, let us never forget that our free institutions rest on the durable foundation of education and religion and let us pledge our services for country, for education, for colleges, for high schools, normal schools and for a free church in a free state. Thus must we strengthen the bonds of education and religion. Thus we shall make this, as it is and has been and ever shall be, one of the greatest countries in the world and a blessing to the whole universe of mankind.

We have with us one who needs no introduction to you. He was once pastor here, this being his first pastoral position, from 1869 to 1873. He has since gone forth into larger and broader fields of activity and usefulness. He is another one of Plymouth’s citizens of whom she is justly proud for the honor he has conferred upon her.

I have the pleasure of introducing Dr. Cyrus Richardson, of Nashua, who was pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city for twenty-six years.

Mr. Chairman, Citizens of Plymouth, and Friends:

Your committee felt justified in asking me to speak on this memorable occasion for two reasons: first, because nearly a half century ago I came here to become a citizen of your town. Distinguished people were then alive,—James McQueston, John Keniston, the Russells, Senior and Junior,

Samuel Burns, Arthur Ward, and a host of other men and women, the mention of whose names awakens a patriotic spirit.

Last evening there was thrown upon the screen a picture of the freshet that covered the interval in the autumn of 1869. I was installed as pastor on a Thursday. On Friday of the same week, it began to rain. It rained all day and all night, and all the next day and all the next night and all of Sunday and all of Sunday night, until the whole interval was literally covered with water, like a great lake. Would you believe it, that freshet was to me a godsend. I reached Plymouth with just two sermons at my disposal. It rained so hard that only a handful of people came to church, and I was asked to repeat my sermons. All that week I was the happiest minister you ever saw—I have never felt so rich since—for I had two sermons on my hands, a thing very rare during my whole ministry.

The second reason for asking me to speak was that after I became an adopted citizen, you gave to me one of your most gifted and cultured women,—a woman the touch of whose life has been upon me through all these years to cheer, to comfort and to inspire me for the tasks set before me. In my griefs and in my joys; in my failures and in my triumphs the voice of that gifted woman has sounded in my ears like the tones of a silver bell leading me onward to the best that was in me. In the name of that gifted daughter of yours, my beloved and sainted wife, I speak to you today.

We are living, friends, in a transitional period of the world's history. We are passing out of the old into the new,—out of old thought into new thought, out of old methods into new methods, out of old paths of industry and education and religion into new paths. Change is written all about us,—on the farm, in the school, in the church, change here in New England, in the Middle West, on the Pacific Coast, and in the old empires of the Orient. Bicycles set the pace yesterday; automobiles set the pace today; and airships will set the pace tomorrow. We are moving on, as Dr. Ward has well said, to something higher and nobler and better in the history of the world.

A few years ago I visited the museum in Honolulu, that fine city of the mid-Pacific. I saw in that museum the relics of the past in the island empire—the little huts into which the natives crawled on their hands and knees a hundred years ago; the rude implements with which they delved in the soil, and the rude weapons with which they went into battle. I went from the museum upon the streets, wide and tree-lined. I saw magnificent business blocks, splendid schoolhouses, fine churches, telegraph poles, telephones, everything that belongs to an up-to-date city, and I said to myself, "All this splendid change within about seventy-five years." That old barren waste has been literally transformed into a watered garden. I saw the same thing in Japan, I saw it in China, I saw it in Egypt. This progressive movement today belts the globe. But the peril with us, friends, is that we separate ourselves from the past with its heroic achievements. We say that we have outgrown it; we have got beyond it; it is left behind; it is dead; we are sufficient unto ourselves. But no man is sufficient unto himself. He belongs to all other men; he is born into the family, and whether he would or not, he belongs to it. He is born into the body politic

and is a part of it. He is born into the human race. The whole race belongs to him, and he to it. We have received a rich legacy from those who have gone before us. The very life blood of your Plymouth forebears is in your veins today. You are cultured and great because they lived. Their force and energy and character have made you what you are.

My friends, all the centuries have contributed to our welfare. Homer and Milton and the other great poets of the ages wrote their immortal poems *for us*. Handel and Haydn and Mozart composed their peerless oratorios *for us*. Rembrandt and Titian and Raphael painted their pictures *for us*. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln and William E. Gladstone uttered their political speeches *for us*. Nathan Ward and Jonathan Ward and George Punchard and Henry Hazen preached their sermons *for us*. All the great and good of the past ages lived and wrought for us. It belongs to us to enrich the inheritance which they transmitted to us.

It is well that the Daughters of the American Revolution have dotted New Hampshire with memorial tablets, similar to the one they have dedicated this morning as a memorial to Holmes Academy. They bring us into touch with all that is great and good in our state. When you go into the high school building this evening to examine the historic exhibit of articles handed down from former generations, you will see before you in vivid picture what is noblest and best in the history of Plymouth, and you will catch an inspiration that shall send you forward toward the next centennial in higher and holier achievement. You ask what have our sires handed down to us? I answer, their first gift is freedom. They interpreted to us afresh the spirit of the first century of our Christian era. They went from Scrooby to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to Leyden, from Leyden across the trackless ocean to these then inhospitable shores that they might gain for themselves and for us the delights of freedom. They made possible the writing of the verse which we all love to repeat.

“The motto of our sainted sires, and loud we’ll make it ring,
The church without a bishop and the state without a king.”

This spirit of liberty, my friends, is marching forth among the nations of the earth. Go to Japan, or to China, or to Egypt, as I did recently, and you will see groups of people on the streets. Ask what they are talking about, and you will find that they are talking about human rights, about that freedom which God gave to the world through the lips of Him “who spoke as never man spoke”; that freedom which is like the shot fired at Concord Bridge “heard round the world.”

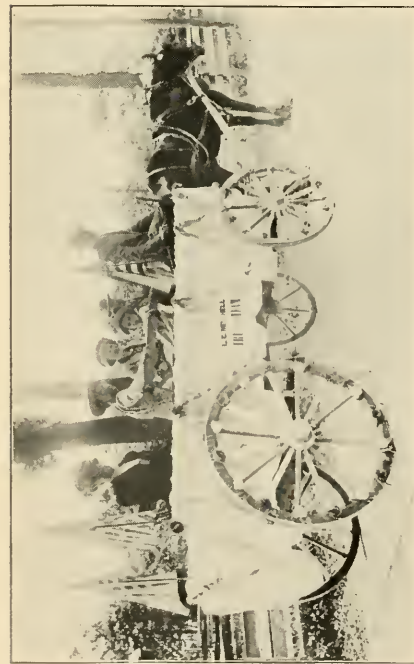
These ancestors have given us also that spirit of loyalty to truth and right and that reverence for Almighty God which have made our people rugged and strong. Though they lacked the graces and refinements of our day, they possessed in full measure the strength and vigor seen in the face of the Old Man, carved on yonder mountain,—those rugged virtues that have come down to us as a matchless inheritance, urging us to lofty achievements.

And so out of all the graft and the greed and the perils of today, which are multiplied on every hand, we shall rise to higher levels of thought and feeling and action; and instead of being descendants from our sires we shall

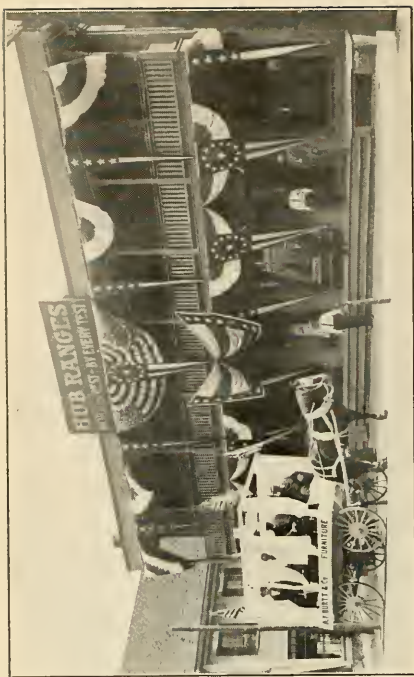


Photo by J. E. Boynton

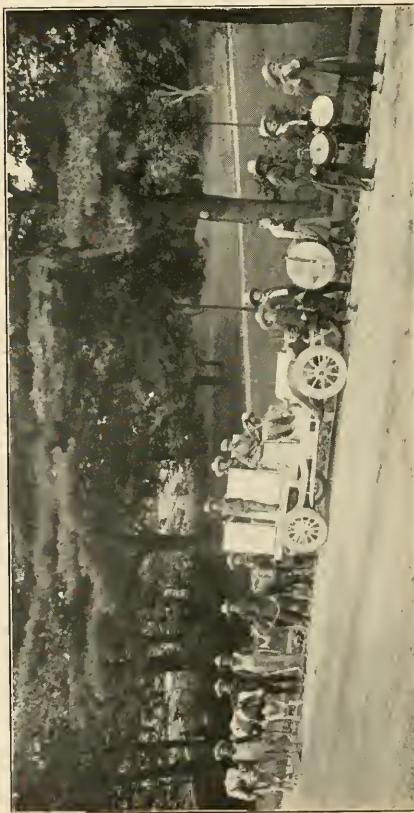
SCENES IN THE CIVIC PARADE



L. E. MITCHELL



A. F. BURTT & Co.



PEMIGEWASSET FARMS



FIRE DEPARTMENT

be ascendants to something greater and nobler. Your Plymouth sires whose memory we today honor have made their mark in the world. Some of them have gone to the large cities, and the great West, and across the seas. The touch of these men and women has been felt far and wide. What did it mean to send a man like President Tucker to become the head of Dartmouth College—a man whose influence has reached to the very ends of our country and beyond the ocean? What did it mean to send Henry Wyatt to Tennessee to become an educational force in that section? What did it mean to send Judge Russell to the city of Detroit, whose practice in law and whose decisions upon the bench adorned his whole profession in Michigan? What did it mean to send many of your most refined women out into the nation? It meant that their influence, helpful, beautiful, sweet, resplendent, has made the world wiser and richer. And so, friends, out of all the confusion and the distractions of the present we shall come at last to a glorious epoch in our history.

I close with the prophetic words of the gifted Dean Stanley who several years ago visited our country. He said, "In that memorable hour, memorable as in the life of one who for the first time visits the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Alps of Switzerland, when I stood before the Falls of Niagara, the scene which I witnessed was an apt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight, and the moon was full. I saw from the bridge which spans the river the confusion, contortion, whirl and chaos bursting forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion. As I looked upon that ever-changing scene and listened to the everlasting roar, it seemed to me an image of the devouring, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless whirlpool of existence in the United States. But in the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves—silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column glittering in the moonlight, was to me an emblem of the future of American history—of the upward, heavenward destiny that is to emerge from the distractions of the present and lead the civilization of the world."

Those prophetic words have been fulfilled. This nation is at the very forefront of all that is great and glorious in the world. In our day and our generation, my friends, we are to do *our* share that we may honor our ancestors and carry their superb work to its glorious consummation.

Is there any wonder that Plymouth is proud of her sons? I had thought the hour was getting late, but I could have sat here all day and listened to our friend and former townsman, Dr. Richardson, but we have another one of Plymouth's distinguished sons with us and I am not going to take any of your time introducing him.

He was born in Plymouth, reared in Plymouth, and has spent the larger portion of his life here in Plymouth. He, too, is a descendant of an honored New England family who have had a long residence in Plymouth and who have been connected with its

leading mercantile establishment for over one hundred years. His military ability is equalled by few and excelled by none.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you our beloved Major Frank Webster Russell.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I sympathize with you all in being compelled to sit and listen to the remarks *I* have to make, after the other speakers.

I have been asked to give a brief talk upon reminiscences of business life in Plymouth. My personal experience of that life is limited to the mercantile line. In 1874 I became a bookkeeper for Webster, Hull & Company, the firm being made up of Samuel C. Webster, William W. Russell, Jr., and William G. Hull. The next year Mr. Hull sold his share to my brother, William, and me, and *we* formed a new partnership with Samuel C. Webster under the style of Webster, Russell & Company. It continued to be so known until 1911, when the stock of goods was closed out, although its membership had been lessened by the death of Samuel C. Webster in 1883 and that of William W. Russell, Jr., in 1892.

The business to which we succeeded was established by my grandfather, Moor Russell, in 1798 and was carried on by him in a small wooden building—the same that was shown you on the screen last night—standing on the Rumney Road, or Highland Street, just east of where William M. Peppard lives today, until 1822, when he and his son David Moor built “The Old Brick.” This store was enlarged in 1854 by a three-story addition, and a fair-sized stock of general merchandise could always be found therein until a few months before its transfer to Joseph L. Tuttle, the present owner.

From 1850 to 1862, when it was burned, “The Depot Store” (so called) built by William W. Russell, Sr., on the site of the present freight depot, and used for handling the heavier sorts of merchandise in a wholesale way, was conducted in connection with “The Old Brick.”

In the early years of the business nearly all the goods were purchased in Portsmouth and several teams were employed in taking local products to that market, to return with an assortment of commodities so varied that it was said to include everything “from a chipping squirrel to an elephant.”

Subsequently when Portsmouth lost its commercial prestige, Boston became the Mecca for traders of northern New Hampshire as well as those from nearly every other section of New England. For many years two large eight-horse teams ran regularly between Plymouth and Boston taking two weeks for the round trip. One of them was driven by Deacon James Morrison, who will long be remembered for his positive and sturdy Christian character. His great granddaughter, Miss Margaret Howe, was president of the class of 1913, of the State Normal School here.

At certain seasons additional wagons were put on to draw the accumulated produce to Boston; and some of them continued their way as far as Hartford, Conn., laden with grass seed, a large quantity of which was then raised in this region.

As the railroad gradually crept up into New Hampshire the routes of these lumbering, horse-drawn vehicles were successively shortened, and they reached the vanishing point in January, 1850, when the Boston, Concord and Montreal ran its first regular freight train into Plymouth, with a cargo wholly made up of merchandise for "The Depot Store."

When the business was transmitted to Webster, Russell & Company in 1875, that firm was very far from having the field entirely to itself. Sharp and able competitors were alert and enterprising in the persons of John Mason and Plummer Fox, once partners, but then rivals. Mr. Fox was located where the Fox Block now stands. He followed Benjamin Baker Dearborn, his father-in-law, who had been a successful and respected merchant of this town. Mr. Mason was established on the site of the present Sargent Block where Hon. Nathan H. Weeks and R. E. Smythe were not long after associated with him.

Webster, Russell & Company, however, possessed a tower of strength in the unique figure of Samuel C. Webster, a man that stamped his image on this community more permanently than anyone (within my knowledge) who has ever lived in it. For me he stands the everlasting model of the real, old-time country trader. His mind was quick, inquiring and original, and had he received the early advantages that many enjoy he would have gained a national reputation. He never forgot the hardships of his childhood and often spoke of them with feeling. "I have tasted the bitter dregs of poverty in my life," he would say. "Look in the old family Bible. There you will find the record, 'Samuel Cummings Webster, born February 4th, 1817. Cold and Stormy.' Emblematic of my career, by ginger."

After a year spent in the store of Maynor Davis at Barnet, Vt., he was eleven years a clerk and forty-one a partner in "The Old Brick." From the first it was manifest that he had chosen his rightful calling. It was a point of honor with him to keep his stock complete. There is a tradition that he once silenced the criticism of certain doubters who, to test his resources in that direction, had inquired for such unrelated antiques as a hog yoke and a second-hand pulpit, by promptly furnishing both the useful implement and the foundation of eloquence.

Trade in any form was to him the very breath of his nostrils, but he fairly revelled in that form of exchange commonly called *barter*. In the seventies long credit was a feature of most transactions. Many accounts were settled but once a year, and then by a promissory note which might not be paid for another year or even longer time. The final payment was apt to be made in *some* product of the farm, field or forest rather than in *cash*. To a customer known to be solvent, although short of ready money and therefore somewhat slow in payment, who hesitated about buying an article that he fancied, Mr. Webster would offer an inducement like this: "Take it along! I will take my pay in hoop poles and axe handles next winter; or I will take my pay in eggs and wait for the hens to lay 'em and I'll give you double price for a two-yolked one." For emergencies he devised a simple but effective code of watchwords: for example, if he had an unusually hard lot of produce on his hands, and was turning the man, who brought it, over to the clerk that was to show him the goods from which an equivalent for

this produce was to be selected, he would repeat the words indicated by the famous signal displayed by Lord Nelson from the mast-head of the flag ship *Victory* at the battle of Trafalger; "England expects that every man will do his duty." This signified to the salesman that the prices he must realize for the wares exhibited were not to be any *less* than those demanded from a *cash* purchaser. It is needless to say this occurred before the wholesome custom of marking the selling prices in plain figures had been generally adopted. If persons suspected of entertaining hazy ideas concerning the right of property lingered in the store, he would exclaim, "Two-ten." This, being interpreted, by every employee within earshot to mean, "Look out for 'em! Keep your two eyes on their ten fingers."

Illustrations could be multiplied indefinitely of his zeal and versatility in his business, and the unremitting attention he gave to it. He was a firm believer in the early English maxim revised by Dr. Franklin, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," and he exemplified it in his own life and conduct, oftentimes to the detriment of his health and the injury of vital matters outside his daily vocation.

The building of the Pemigewasset Valley Railroad in 1882, was not approved by him, for he foresaw that, while it would develop the Northern country and increase the population and importance of the village at its farther terminus, it was sure to deal a heavy blow to the mercantile interests of Plymouth, which had drawn much of their patronage from the towns of Campton, Thornton, Woodstock and Lincoln.

Many of the clerks employed in the Old Brick and Depot stores afterwards became substantial citizens in this and other states. In 1891 my brother William wrote out a list of all that he could remember from personal acquaintance, or that he ever heard of. It includes more than one hundred names. Time permits the mention only of a few that are most familiar in this vicinity from what those who bore them have accomplished near home: Charles H. Bowles, Alexander G. Smythe, Plummer Fox, John Mason, Edward H. Sanborn, Joseph M. Howe and Charles J. Gould.

The world has moved fast in the past thirty years. Astonishing transformations have taken place in every department of human endeavor, and nowhere are these more striking than in the methods of collecting, shipping, distributing and retailing merchandise. The mail order house, the city department store have come into being. These agencies having millions of capital at their command, and making unrestricted use of the telephone, rural free delivery and parcel post have compelled increased energy and ingenuity on the part of those country merchants that resolve to keep abreast of the times. Here in our town they have apparently accomplished this end, and Plymouth has a number of well-stocked, well-managed and up-to-date stores amply sufficient to supply the present and coming wants of its people.

Plymouth is proud of a man who has done valiant service, and has honored him. We are sorry that we do not have him with us today, but we are fortunate in having received a letter from Hon. William Jewett Tucker, who lived in Plymouth during his child-

hood and youth in the home of the Rev. William Reed Jewett. He was president of Dartmouth College from 1893 until about 1910, prior to which time he held many important offices.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you Rev. Dr. Cyrus Richardson, who will read this letter from Dr. Tucker.

Remarks by Dr. Richardson before reading letter:

It is a great pleasure to read this letter from the conspicuous citizen of New Hampshire, trained in this church near us, trained in this town, sent forth among the forces that should be felt in the uplift of the whole country.

HANOVER, N. H., July 12th, 1913.

DEAR MR. KENISTON:

It is with much more than mere regret that I find myself unable to accept your very kind invitation to take part in the observance of the day. Though an adopted son of the town, I have the true spirit of filial gratitude. Plymouth gave me the home of my boyhood and the wife of my early manhood, and brought me into those relations to the state which have meant much to me in my personal and professional life. If I were talking in the freedom of an after-dinner speech, I should like to set forth in personal detail what Plymouth was to a boy from 1846, when upon the death of my mother, I was brought from Norwich, Connecticut, a boy of seven, to be adopted into the home of my uncle and aunt, the Reverend and Mrs. William R. Jewett, to 1856 when I left home for school and college. Doubtless a boy of that time knew some things which escaped the attention of his elders. Certainly he knew some men in a boy's way better than they knew one another; for the village had its genuine boys' men. Such was Sam Rowe, our nearest neighbor, the best fisherman in the region, who was always ready to tell us just where we could find the biggest trout, but always added, "It's no use; they'll just sniff at your bait and say they guess they'll wait for Sam Rowe to come round." And so they always did. Such, too, were Benjamin Ward, a little further up the hill, the old cabinet-maker, full of the lore of quaint histories. How often have I sat in his shop listening with wondering ears to his tales of lost islands of the sea, and buried cities of the land. Such was O. H. P. Craig,—Captain Craig of the Sixth New Hampshire Infantry, —then village shoemaker, the soul of good humor and manly sense, whose shop radiated as healthy an influence over boys as a school—I do not wonder that as young men they followed him in battle. And quite near by my home, where I was sent on the daily errands for milk and where I strayed much oftener on my own account, were Uncle and Aunt Noah Cummings (both equally entitled to the masculine Noah) the undisputed authorities on all neighborhood happenings. Of course every boy knew the stage drivers and was wise in his discriminations about the handling of the four-horse and the six-horse teams. Even when the coming of the railroad transferred something of this wisdom to the names of the engines and their respective capacities in speed and power, the stages had the center of interest so long as they controlled the way to the mountains. When I was

brought by stage from Concord, the overladen coach "took fire,"—in the vernacular of the time,—from a heated axle-tree. This happened at the lower intervale and occasioned a late and anxiously awaited arrival. Could any entrance have been more to the mind of a small boy?

My school days were passed chiefly in the academy under its changing fortune of teachers; but the most unique experience was in a private school taught for several sessions in the Methodist vestry by Mr. Cass. Mr. Cass was very near-sighted and had the still greater infirmity for a teacher of a passion for long and unusual words; but he knew how to teach in spite of his infirmities. No other teacher whom I ever knew could have called a school to order and actually achieved the result, in these words, "Let the school now preserve tranquillity."

But the real education of a boy of that period was in the home and in the social life of the community. Senator Blair, another adopted son of Plymouth, has often said to me that his later knowledge of the country had shown him no town more representative of good breeding and good manners. The names of the families which will be most in evidence during this celebration will confirm his words. And when to these are added the names of those who were frequent attendants at court, the familiar lecturers from the platform of the New England Lyceum, and the travelers of distinction who loitered in the place, it will be seen that the on-going life of the community was in itself, even to the unwitting mind of a boy, a school of culture.

In a like casual but very real way the boy took his lessons at first hand and without partiality in the school of nature. He learned the true meaning of the democracy of nature. It was easy to fling the saddle on his horse and take a morning or evening ride to Prospect for the view from Winnepesaukee to the mountains; easy to follow the streams with his rod. But all winter sports had their price, for which he often paid in frost-bitten fingers and toes. I have never believed that the city boy developed into the summer resident, who takes Nature in her gentlest moods, ever quite knows the meaning of what I have called the democracy of nature,—the rule of those great and masterful equalities which make up the democracy of society.

The village boys of my time were keen politicians. Early and late they attended the March meetings in the old town house on Ward Hill, and were never disappointed if the meeting were prolonged into the second day. They knew the personal bearing of every vote. They were less surprised than many of their elders at the results of some elections. I can recall to this day the faces of some of the older Democrats on the morning following the first election in the "Know Nothing Campaign." A caricaturist could have filled his note book with telling sketches. Later the interest grew serious. The issues leading up to the war were perfectly plain to a boy. It has been a never ceasing grief to me that a severe and protracted fever prevented me from falling into place with the boys of Plymouth in the ranks of the army. For those who went to the war I have always felt the honor which was their due, an honor from which I could never quite exclude the feeling of envy.

But these boyhood remembrances should have no large place in the midst of the great reminiscences and the great reflections of the day. It is the proud distinction of Plymouth that it is a town of historic standing; prouder



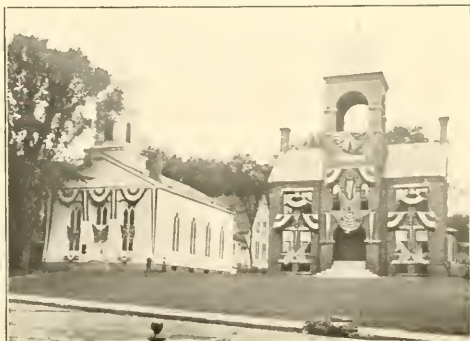
RESIDENCE OF
MAJOR F. W. RUSSELL

RESIDENCE OF
DR. G. H. BOWLES



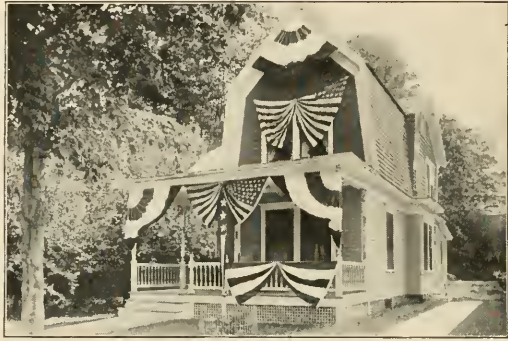
RESIDENCE OF
DR. E. C. CHASE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
AND
COURTHOUSE





RESIDENCE OF
R. L. RAMSDELL



RESIDENCE OF
F. W. KENDRICK



RESIDENCE OF
A. J. PIKE



POST OFFICE
AND EMPLOYEES

yet, that its historic standing is supported by its steadily advancing life. Its honorable traditions are held in untroubled retrospect because the town passes on into its larger educational and industrial development. It is good to reflect upon this mutual respect between the past and the present. It is good from the point of view now reached to anticipate the future of the town. Unchanged in its natural setting, the changes which are taking place within are carrying it farther into the life of the world, and making it as honorable a thing to be, as it ever was to have been, a citizen of Plymouth.

I am, in constant loyalty to the town and in good wishes for the occasion,

Most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER.

(By C. C. T.)

Plymouth has been honored in other walks of life as well as that of education and in the ministry. She has had other citizens who have followed other vocations of merit.

We have received another letter from one of those. Plymouth has honored him, and through him she has had the privilege of furnishing to this Union a man who has served next to the highest office within the gift of the people, that of senator of the United States.

It gives me pleasure to introduce to you this man's former law-partner, Hon. Alvin Burleigh, one of your honored citizens, who will read this letter which we have received from the Hon. Henry W. Blair, ex-senator of the United States.

Remarks by Mr. Burleigh before reading letter:

Fellow citizens:

I esteem it a high privilege to read a letter from the Hon. Henry W. Blair, one of the best and most loyal friends and one of the most helpful and beneficent friends that the town of Plymouth has ever had,—a man who has rendered not only most helpful and beneficent aid in advancing the interests of this town, but who has distinguished himself in the state and in the nation as representative in Congress for many years, and as a senator of the United States; who enlisted in the quota of Plymouth and served as a distinguished officer in the War of the Rebellion, and who was wounded and left his blood on the plains of Fort Hudson in the Civil War that his country might live. His age of seventy-eight years, and the infirmities incident thereto, make it impossible for him to enjoy the pleasure of being here today and speaking to you with his own voice.

Permit me now to read his letter:

COLORADO BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1913.

Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens:

When I received your invitation, a few days since, by letter from the Hon. Alvin Burleigh, my friend and associate for more than fifty years, to

be present with you upon this historic occasion, I immediately resolved to be there if possible, and I have diligently labored to that end; but increasing lameness, compelling resort to my almost constant crutch companions, has settled the question against me, and, with deep regret, I lose an opportunity to meet once more with my surviving friends of the last seventy-eight years, and to renew the memories and associations of a long lifetime.

Although in recent years I have mingled less than formerly with you, and with the inhabitants of the whole Pemigewasset Valley, yet I have always fondly noted everything relating to your increasing prosperity, and, if I have one last wish to be gratified by the loving Providence who watcheth over us all, it is that my mortal remains may await the sound of the last trumpet in the soil of my ancestors, with my kindred and early friends.

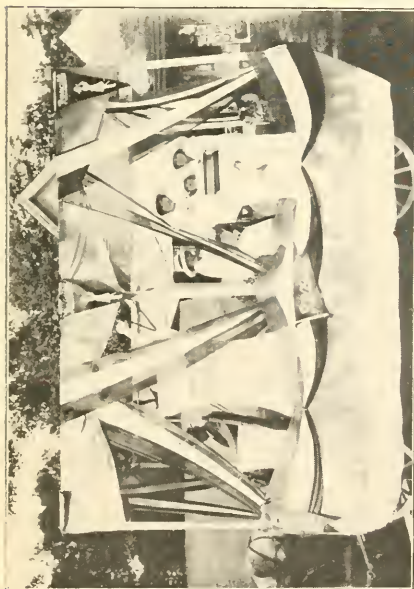
I was born in Campton, but have intimately known the people of Plymouth since 1842—seventy-three years—and in fact, all the towns of East Grafton exist in my memory as one great, idealized, and almost sacred community. You may think this evidence of a dreamy old age, but, only for my lame legs, I am as well and smart as any of you, young or old.

So my verdict shall stand. The whole Pemigewasset Valley, and the people who have lived and who now live in it, are unsurpassed and are unsurpassable by any now existing, or known to history. It is a great pity that some one does not do for the whole what the town of Plymouth has so well done and published by the competent and able labors of many, written in graphic style and supervised by the gifted and experienced historian, Hon. Ezra Stearns.

When I first knew Plymouth, in the summer of 1842, the Russells, the Websters and the Rogers were the most numerous and prominent families, and the hotel of Hon. D. R. Burnham the great traveling center for fifty miles in every direction. Rev. George Punchard was the Congregational pastor, but he was absent for a year on sick leave, in Europe. His voice had failed, and he returned to resign his charge. I well remember his touching farewell. Every Sabbath the church was crowded, and, as I recall them, the men looked like Roman senators, and the women like the Roman matron Cornelia, only she had fewer children to show as her jewels than they, for they had many, while she had but two. 'Squire William C. Thompson was the leading lawyer, very learned and wise, but 'Squire Quincy of Rumney dominated in the trial of causes—in fact, had no superior in putting the "main pints" to the jury, in the whole state. Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, probably the finest writer the state ever produced, and quite the equal of Garrison in the anti-slavery movement, had resigned from law practice recently, to devote his labors wholly, and finally his life, to the cause of freedom. He died in 1846.

The Methodist church, since so vital and powerful, was then fighting for its life, and time has since shown how good a thing it is for all to dwell together in unity. All are one in Christ and Christ in God.

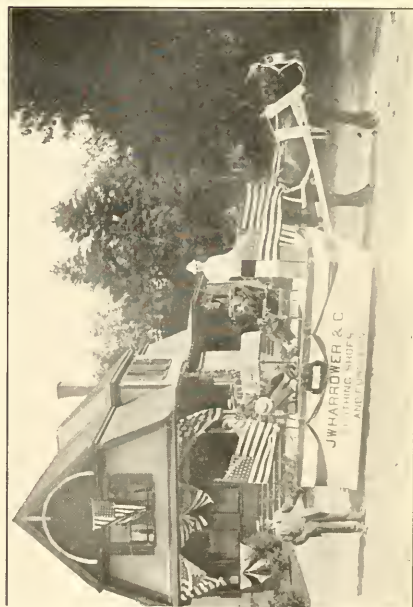
The Holmes Plymouth Academy was revived by the Rev. James H. Shepard in 1850, I think. I got one term there in 1851 and another in 1852. Then taught district school one winter in Campton and took a term at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, in the spring of 1853, then taught



R. TUFTS & Co.



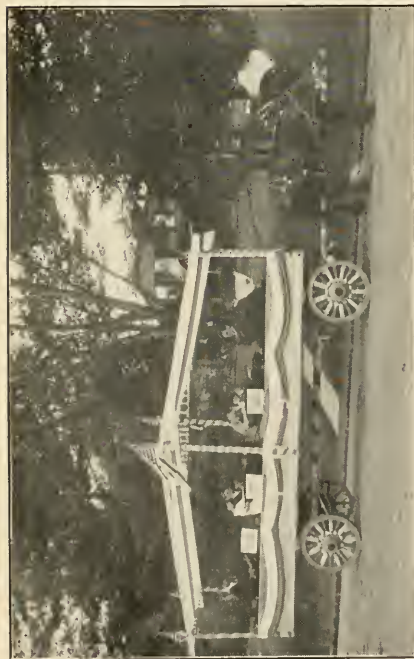
District Schools



J. W. HARROWER & Co.



W. G. & I. H. CHASE



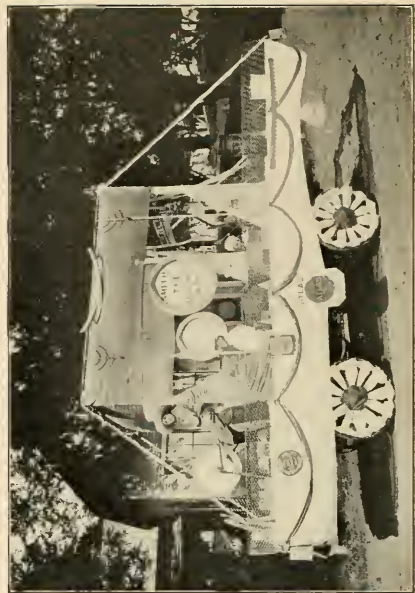
HIGH SCHOOL



HAZEL CALDON, REPRESENTING FRED W. BROWN'S DRUG STORE



DRAPER-MAYNARD Co.



FRANK GREEN SMITH

the district school in Plymouth village, winter of 1854-55. Some present may remember what a bad teacher I was. I've always been sorry for it. I had about eighty pupils of all sorts and sizes, and only a scant supply of nursing bottles, and those most of the time empty. This was the first term in the then new house. After that, the school was graded.

Began to read law with William L. Everett, a deep thinker in the principles and well read in the books, May 1st, 1856. Admitted to the bar May term 1859. Married December 20, 1859, to a woman whose name and memory will live while the valley endures; then county solicitor two years,—and then the *war*.

Of this to say much now is impossible and to say little in to do injustice to the infinite mass of heroic sacrifice and achievement of all, both of those who fought on the bloody field, and those who labored, and suffered even more than death, at home. And what voice or pen can do proper tribute to the mothers and wives and the whole womanhood of the Civil—or of any other war? How often it is easier to die than to live!

One chief disappointment that I can not be with you today is that I lose an opportunity, which is gone forever, to meet the surviving veterans whose presence will be the most pathetic, yet the most notable feature of your celebration. They are the proudest of all among you. They are like the survivors of the old Revolution at Bunker Hill, to whom the great orator exclaimed: "Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation!" The fathers made the nation. These veterans preserved it. Let their joint work be perpetual.

Of what followed the war, I must speak briefly, premising that I owe everything that has come to me in public life, primarily, to the people of Plymouth, and I cheerfully place this on record today, for they first sent me to the legislature as their representative, in the year 1866.

There are three things that you behold before you, and I trust they may survive to future generations, of which I wish to write a word before closing, for now, as I am growing older, I remember them with peculiar satisfaction:

First, the Normal School.

Col. Joseph Burrows was chairman of the committee. Most of the work had fallen upon me, but he was for the school. When the trustees met at Concord to decide the location, I went alone with our Plymouth proposition. There were several towns hotly contesting, and some of them made me very fearful of the result. The decision had to be made that night. The hearing was closed and all were most anxiously waiting. About 11 o'clock p. m., the trustees sent for me only, and Hiram Orcott, chairman of the Board, and state superintendent, Hon. A. C. Hardy, told me that if I would guarantee them two thousand dollars more in money, so that they could start the school that spring, they would locate at Plymouth. Otherwise, they could not establish the school until after the next session of the legislature, and, as the opposition to any normal school was very strong, the whole thing must fail. I had no authority to pledge an additional cent. The trustees said they would take my personal word and note for it. I was not worth a cent and was in debt, and told them so. Still they said they would take

my note. The decision had to be made before midnight—and I gave my note and we got the school.

I arrived home on the noon train of the next day. Colonel Burrows was at the depot and a great crowd was waiting. I told him what I had done at my own risk. He looked stupefied, almost shocked, and did not speak. And I said, “But I had to, or not get the school—and *we have got the school.*” Those who remember Colonel Burrows know how generous and warm hearted he was. “Yes, yes,” says he, “and now we must see what can be done.”

Those were hot times politically, and I was in the minority in the district. There was a tremendous and intensely bitter opposition to the district assuming that note. But the great mass of the noble-hearted men who led the Democratic party would not stand for so mean a thing. There must be men living who remember the hot meeting in the old school house, when the district assumed that two thousand dollars and saved me from a burden which might have ruined my whole life.

This impressed upon me a lesson never yet forgotten. The people are naturally noble, and, not only just, but generous. They never will intentionally wrong any man. Therein is the hope of our free institutions. Thus will God save the state.

No more accomplished or beloved family ever settled in our valley than that of Rev. Canon Lewis P. W. Balch, of Virginia, a classmate for three years with General Meade at West Point, and his wife, Mrs. Emily Balch, of sacred memory, and their numerous children. It was my lot to act for them on business matters and in close personal relations, for several years, and in the protracted efforts and negotiations by Dr. and Mrs. Balch to establish a school for girls on their estate, thus carrying out the set purpose of his life, his motto being, “If the mothers are right, the world will soon be right.”

Finally, and after his death, it was decided to establish the very superior school for boys which so honors its patrons and the community and will increase its influence as the generations come and go.

And finally, there is the old Daniel Webster Court House and the Young Ladies' Library Association and the action of the town in these later years. God bless you all. I apprehend that there is intrinsically no more interesting public library on this continent.

Hiram Farmham died. The old court house was about to be destroyed. There seemed to be no sentiment for the homely old building. I bought it for fifty dollars. Jarvis Sanborn did the work. It cost me one thousand dollars before it was through with. So there it stands, and there may it stand forever.

But it is of no use, for volumes of reminiscences rise up before me.

I am done. I have tried to get within fifteen minutes, for I know what an awful thing a long speech is on such an occasion. A parting word—As we are proud of our ancestry and not ashamed of our own record for the last half century, so, by the blessing of God, let us transmit this glorious heritage unblemished to coming generations.

Please accept my hearty thanks for the invitation to be with you.



DANIEL WEBSTER



DANIEL WEBSTER COURTHOUSE AS
A WHEELRIGHT SHOP, 1870



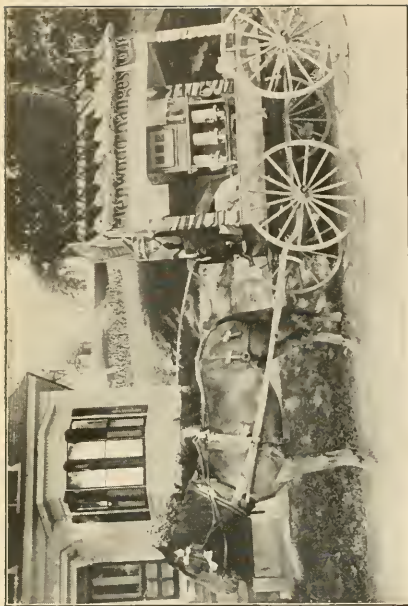
WEBSTER COURTHOUSE AS THE PUBLIC
LIBRARY, 1905



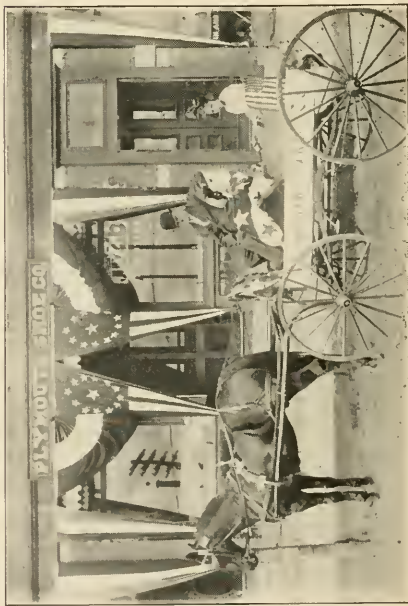
EX-SENATOR
HENRY W. BLAIR



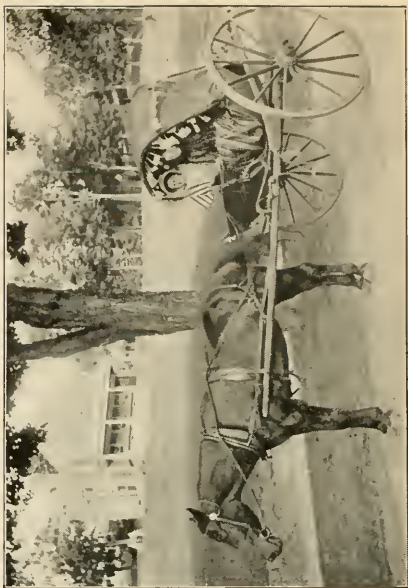
CHARLES MILLIGAN



A. M. RAND



HENRY W. ROGERS



CHASE 100 YEARS OLD

If I get better of my lameness and you see fit to invite me, I shall make a special effort to be present at your next semi-centennial celebration.

Meanwhile, and forever,—if the minister will permit me, as the hymn book of my youth used to say:

May the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love
With the Holy Spirit's favor
Rest upon us from above.

From your loving fellow-citizen and friend,
HENRY WILLIAM BLAIR.

Rev. Arthur Norman Ward, a descendant of one of Plymouth's most noted families, has sent your committee a poem, which I am sure you will all enjoy hearing. This poem will now be read by Rev. Doctor B. Alfred Dumm, pastor of the Congregational Church.

PLYMOUTH OF THE PAST.

BY ARTHUR NORMAN WARD.

Picturesque Plymouth by the winding river,
Bears a name known the wide world over.
When the first settlers to this wilderness came,
They brought with them this honored name.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem of old,
So the everlasting hills this little town enfold.
Beautiful for situation, the joy of all her children,
To each returning one she gives a hearty welcome.

The passing years their tragic tales have told,
The boys and girls we knew are getting old,
Their heads grown grey, as far and wide they roam,
Today they gladly seek their childhood home.

No spot than this more dear in all the earth,
Where once we gathered at the fireside hearth.
No place so sacred in all our anxious quest
As where the loved and lost are laid to rest.

We call to mind the town of long ago,
With its two streets we then so well did know.
Along the river bank meandered one,
The other led up the hill toward the setting sun.

The traveler then sought Burnham's tavern,
When cars and stage made this their daily haven.
A genial landlord presided o'er this place,
Known far and wide, an old-time boniface.

With anxious hearts we waited the noonday train,
The papers for war news were searched again.
While Colonel Roby bore up the street on bended back,
Uncle Sam's mail in a heavy sack.

The business center was then "the old brick store,"
Where gathered teams from all the country o'er.
There could be found a hustling, bustling, busy man,
A Yankee trader, known to all as Webster Sam.

Three buildings stood facing the public square,
Typical of the town and its people's greatest care.
For the church, the court, the school they early made provision,
Showing their regard for law, learning and religion.

The old grey church on the hilltop stood,
Fulfilling its mission to make men good.
Here worshiped the fathers in the days of old,
Where later they gathered town meetings to hold.

Like a lighthouse beacon on its rocky mound,
So this old church could be seen the region around.
A magnificent view from this point can be had
Of mountains and hills to make the heart glad.

Stately Mt. Prospect rises near at hand,
To the north Sandwich Dome looks over the land.
The blue peaks of Franconia in the dim distance appear
To the west the mountains of Rumney seem to be near.

In the river valley lies the peaceful intervalle,
While the dark forests creep over hill and dale.
All these dear spots a vision of beauty unfurled,
As they once gave bounds to our childhood world.

A schoolboy sat by the window in the old academy,
And watched the marching men of Captain Craig's company.
Their bayonets gleamed in the light of the morning sun,
As they moved to the music of fife and drum.

It was a difficult matter to study then,
When boys were wishing they were full grown men.
The dark clouds of war hung over the land,
And the country called loudly for a helping hand.

We saw the boys in blue go forth to battle,
On many a field they faced the muskets' rattle.
Some grew weak with wounds and heavy toil,
Some left their bleaching bones on Southern soil.

Wan and white from swamp and prison pen,
A few came gladly home to live again.
While many a mother was made to mourn,
Waiting in vain for her son's return.

But there came a day when the clouds of war were rent asunder,
Who can forget the glad news of Lee's surrender!
The town gave up to rejoicing night after night,
As the boys on the common built bonfires bright.

Fifty long years since then have nearly been numbered,
While many brave boys in their graves have slumbered.
A few battle-scarred veterans are with us yet,
Whose sufferings and service may we never forget.

Many events of those distant days we still can see
The singing and the spelling schools, and the husking bee,
We hear the shouts of the boys on a winter's night
As they coast on Russell Hill in the bright moonlight.

We see the crowds that came on railroad meeting day,
And again when the county fair each fall held sway,
When the circus with its animals came to town,
Was another great day for all the country 'round.

The meeting house bell has swung in its tower for many a day,
Calling to worship and to occasions grave and gay,
We used to hear its solemn strokes as it tolled for the dead,
While its midnight fire alarm filled hearts with dread.

We search the streets in vain for familiar faces,
We find a new generation now fills their places,
Some have crossed the river, and are in the Master's keeping,
Under the pines in yonder churchyard they now are sleeping.

It is well to call to mind the men of former days,
To give to our worthy sires their due meed of praise,
To recount the deeds, and remember the cherished dreams
Of those who lived, and loved, and labored amid these scenes.

May this little town among the hills continue to be
The one place on the map for you and for me.
Though her children may wander the wide world over,
Plymouth will always mean home to the rover.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 3 P. M.

PAGEANT.

Scenes from the early history of Plymouth, N. H.,
given on the grounds of Mr. Davis B. Keniston.

PAGEANT COMMITTEE.

Mrs. BESSIE F. PEASE, *Chairman*.

Mrs. JOHN E. SMITH.

Mrs. GEORGE R. FOSTER.

MISS WILHELMINA R. KENISTON.

GEORGE R. FOSTER.

JOHN KENISTON.

J. FRANK GOULD.

Director of the Pageant.

MISS MAUDE FISKE.

COSTUME COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MOODY P. GORE.

Mrs. WILLIS KIDDER.

Mrs. WILLIAM M. PEPPARD.

MISS ALICE SPAULDING.

STAGE PROPERTY.

Mrs. H. H. LAMSON.

Mrs. I. H. CHASE.

Dr. GEORGE H. BOWLES.

GROUNDS COMMITTEE.

DAVIS B. KENISTON.

WILLIAM R. KIMBALL.

LUTHER E. PIERCE.

EDGAR O. SPAULDING.

LIVINGSTON D. FOGG.

EPISODES OF THE PAGEANT.

- I. The Defeat of the Indians by Captain Baker.
- II. The Capture of John Stark and his Companions.
- III. The Granting of the Charter.
- IV. The Drawing of the Lots.
- V. The Coming of the Settlers.
- VI. A Sunday Service.
- VII. Old Customs.
- VIII. The Reception to Governor Wentworth.
- IX. Off to Bennington.
- X. The Arrival of the Students of Holmes Academy.
- XI. Muster Day.
- XII. The Passing of the Pageant.



EPISODE I. AN INDIAN SCENE



EPISODE I. WATERNOMEE



EPISODE II. JOHN STARK



EPISODE II. THE INDIAN FIGHT



EPISODE III. GRANTING THE CHARTER



Photo by Dalton Studio

EPISODE III. GRANTING THE CHARTER

PAGEANT.

No artist could have designed a more perfect setting for the Plymouth pageant than Nature herself provided, and by some happy accident it had been preserved in the heart of the town as if for this very purpose. The great audience, gathered on the grassy hillside south of High Street, looked directly down on the stage of a natural theatre. In the foreground, a level meadow; beyond, a gently rising green slope; at the back, a flickering curtain of birches; and above and beyond, a great back-curtain of towering pines. On the right rose the rocky heights of Webster Ledge, and from the left a grassy road came winding out among the birches. Ledge and pines may have looked down on just such a scene as that of the first episode in which Capt. Thomas Baker, the first white man known to have trodden Plymouth soil, defeats the Indians and gives his name to Baker's River.

The pageant is ushered in by the quiet minor strains of an Indian melody. Down the rocky pathway from the ledge comes a solitary figure, Waternomee, chief of the Pemigewassets. Standing on the hillside, he looks out over the meadows which his tribe have held so long, but from which they are so soon to vanish. Now they come into view, a silent, stealthy line of Indian braves, followed by squaws bending under their heavy burdens. The wigwam is set up, the women go about their work, children play by the fire and the braves sit idly resting, till a band of hunters returning bring in their spoils. Then the Indians celebrate the successful hunt, and, sitting in a great circle, pass the pipe from hand to hand.

The music breaks into troubled chords as armed figures, creeping in from bush and tree, threaten the quiet scene. Then with a shout Captain Baker and his men are upon the unsuspecting enemy. Waternomee falls with a crash, the Indians, fighting desperately, are driven back, and the forest once more swallows up white man and Indian.

Forty years have passed and the Pemigewassets are gone from the Plymouth meadows, but the Indian trail from St. Francis leads down the Connecticut, along Baker's River to the Pemigewasset, and thence to Squam, Winnepesaukee and the sea. Along this trail many a miserable captive has been carried back to Canada to be held for ransom. The second episode is the capture

of John Stark, afterward General Stark, as he is trapping with three companions on Baker's River in 1752.

Four hunters cross the meadow looking for their traps. Suddenly perceiving the signs of Indians, they consult anxiously and then swiftly retrace their steps. As they disappear, the Indians, emerging from every covert, close in on them. There is the sound of shots and then of savage cries, and at length the victors return, flaunting a bloody scalp and dragging two wretched captives, who are forced to run the gauntlet of their tormentors. Then, wounded and weary, they are compelled to take up the dreaded march to the north.

It was on his return from this captivity that John Stark made a favorable report of the North Country to the General Court, which voted to send its exploring parties henceforth by way of Baker's River. During the next few years frequent expeditions passed through this section, and in the early 60's many towns were chartered,—among them, Plymouth.

To the sound of gay music, the scene changes. Festooned wands, borne by lads in white, mark out the limits of a spacious hall. We are in Portsmouth where the royal governor holds his gay court, and this is the Wentworth Mansion. Governor Wentworth, dignified and courtly, Lady Wentworth, young and charming, are receiving their friends with the stately courtesy of the day. Gentlemen in velvet and ruffles, ladies in gorgeous brocades and powered coiffures, are grouped in a brilliant picture as two horsemen ride up, dismount and are presented. They are Major Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable and David Hobart of Hollis, come to receive the charter of a new town at the junction of Baker's River and the Pemigewasset. The governor summons his clerk, maps are consulted and papers examined, while the gallants and ladies, a little withdrawn, look on to see how New England history is made. At length the work is completed. The signatures of Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire under His Majesty, George the Third, and of Theodore Atkinson, secretary of state, are affixed, and on the 15th of July, 1763, the town of Plymouth comes into existence.

The gay courtiers vanish and there enter the sober men of Hollis, proprietors of the new town. Five months have elapsed since the granting of the charter, and on the 20th of December, they gather for the drawing of lots which will determine their

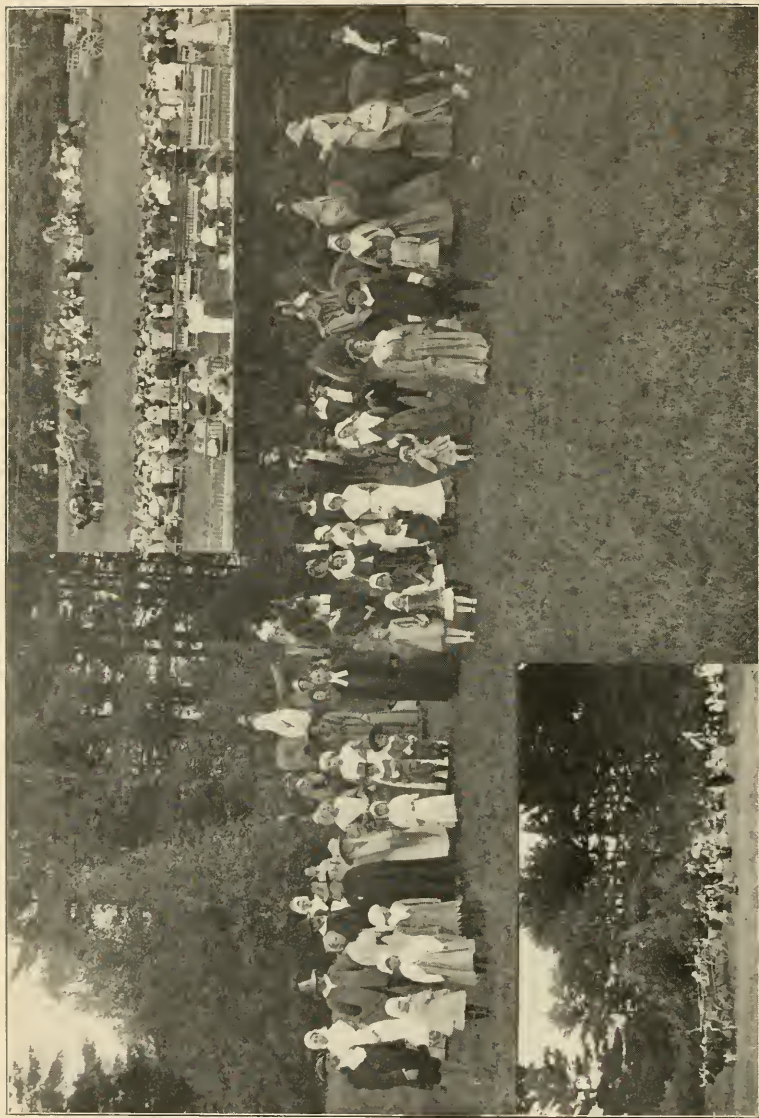


Courtesy of Dalton Studio

EPISODE IV. DRAWING OF THE LOTS



EPISODE V. COMING OF THE SETTLERS



EPISODES V AND VI. COMING OF THE SETTLERS. A SUNDAY SERVICE

homes in Plymouth. Anxiously they bend over the map on which the surveyors have marked off the sections of land, four of which, two of intervale and two of upland, will fall to each settler. Three men, in recognition of special services, are permitted to choose first, and then the drawing begins. Daniel Emerson, standing at one end of the long table, draws from a great bowl a slip from which he reads the name. At the other end of the table, Samuel Willoughby reads from a similar slip the number of a section. One by one, as their names are called, the goodmen hasten forward to the map, and then fall back to their places, some of them elated at good fortune, to receive the congratulations of their friends, and some resigned to a less fortunate choice. All submit except one sturdy young farmer, Jotham Cummings, who vigorously protests. Excited discussion follows and at length he is sustained by the surveyors, who admit, as the records of the meeting show, that his lot is "not fit to settle on." When they separate they are discussing plans for the journey over the rough trail from Hollis to Plymouth.

No scene of the pageant appealed more strongly to the imagination of the spectators than the Coming of the Settlers. Many who looked on were direct descendants of the brave and pious folk represented in the scene. First appear two horsemen making their way slowly along the forest path. Then come a group of settlers, the women riding with their children before them, and their few household goods hanging from the saddle bow, while husbands and sons tramp sturdily by the horses' sides. At length the great oxtteams come laboring in, bringing whole families. David Webster is the first man to take an oxtteam through to Plymouth, where he waits the coming of his wife. She follows him, riding on horseback with her young child, and when she arrives she has an exciting tale to tell, of her night spent near the trail in Bridgewater in full view of an Indian encampment. Finally, the black-robed figure of Parson Nathan Ward appears, and as he lifts his hand, all fall upon their knees, for these are a God-fearing people, and even before leaving Hollis, have engaged Rev. Mr. Ward of Newtowne as minister of the new church.

Such an outdoor meeting as that of Episode VI must often have been held before the little log meeting house at the foot of the hill was completed. The solemn notes of the old tunes echo

through the forest paths as the chorister lines out the hymns and the people devoutly follow,—

“Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing.”

Parson Ward, who is to remain for almost thirty years, the shepherd of this flock, prays, exhorts and warns. Then, as the children gather in a semi-circle, he hears their catechism and psalms.

Into this scene has also been woven a bit of later history. Plymouth, like many New Hampshire towns, was rent by dissensions between the orthodox church and the Baptists, who refused to be taxed for the maintenance of a church to which they did not conform. Fortunately for the town, both minister and people were wisely tolerant and a compromise was agreed upon. At the close of the episode the dissenters are seen paying their arrears of taxes, but on condition that no more be demanded.

The quiet melody of a charming old English air brings in the next scene. While the men of Plymouth are settling affairs of church and state, their good wives are busy at home. Now they meet for a quilting, and as they bend over the quilting-frames, they laugh and chat of neighborhood news. A flax wheel hums busily under the skilful hand of the housewife who sits before it, and at one side a graceful girl, erect beside a tall wool wheel, advances and retreats as her great wheel whirls, now fast, now slow. Their merriment is not checked as a doctor's gig drives up, for this is Dr. John Rogers who for many years shared with Parson Ward the especial regard of the community. The gig used in this scene is more than a century old and is now owned by the Rev. Austin Garver. A little later appears a two-wheeled chaise, and a young buck, alighting, carries off the fair spinner for a drive. This chaise, also very old, was the property of the Ward family.

Something of pageant license must be granted to the following episode. It is 1772. The young governor, John Wentworth, with a gay party from Portsmouth comes riding over the new “college road” on his way to Dartmouth commencement. He is known for his love of display and lavish entertainment,—known, too, for his devotion to his beautiful young wife in whose honor he has named two New Hampshire towns, Deering and Francestown. Plymouth greets him with her best hospitality, and if the scene



Photo by Dalton Studio

EPISODE VIII. LADY WENTWORTH, MISS BLANCHE A. GOULD



Photo by Dalton Studio

EPISODE XIII. RECEPTION AND DANCE



EPISODE VII. DR. JOHN ROGERS, DR. AUSTIN S. GARVER



EPISODE VII. OLD CUSTOMS



EPISODE XI. MUSTER SCENE



EPISODE X. ARRIVAL OF STUDENT

is somewhat more characteristic of Portsmouth than of the new settlement, the beauty of the picture is ample excuse.

To the stately measures of a minuet, the guests assemble. Lady Wentworth is borne in in her sedan chair, the governor walking devotedly at her side. With gracious condescension they receive the welcome of their host and hostess, and the homage of the guests, and then look on at a charming little contra dance. It is a gay scene as the graceful line of dancers advances and retreats, the gallants bow with profound deference, and the ladies sink low in demure courtesies.

The stirring strains of a martial air warn us that the piping times of peace are past and that we are in the midst of the Revolution. Plymouth, with other New Hampshire towns, is living in dread of Burgoyne and his savage allies who are marching south from Canada. As a horseman dashes down the road and pulls up at the village green, an eager crowd gather and learn that the enemy are threatening Bennington where the Continental supplies are stored. Vermont sends a frantic appeal for help. General Schuyler has fallen back in weak dismay and General Stark with his New Hampshire farmers is their only hope. Plymouth has already sent her share of men to the front, but she rises to the new need. Drum and bugle summon the townsfolk and a little company is hurriedly fitted out. Men tear themselves away from their anxious wives, boys leave their mothers and sweethearts in tears, as the little band march hastily away to join Stark's command, while the women and children, excited and tearful, follow them with prayers and farewells. The stirring appeal, the instant response, give the very spirit of '76.

And now more than a quarter of a century passes. The Revolution is a memory and years of quiet growth show us a new Plymouth. With cracking of whips and sounding of horn the stage-coach comes rattling into town, its four horses rearing and plunging at the shouts and laughter of the merry crowd it brings. As the coach stops, they climb down from their places, a quaint group of young folk, the girls with queer old-fashioned bonnets and long full frocks, the boys in homespun,—for these are a party of the students who come to Holmes Academy from New Chester, from Cockermouth, from Campton and all the towns around. Not even the presence of the prim preceptress who

awaits them, book in hand, checks their noisy chatter as they wave their good-byes to the stage which rattles off again.

Now the music breaks into the quick measures of Yankee Doodle. Last scene in the little drama of early Plymouth is Muster Day. It is the great event of the year, and men and boys come tramping in from miles around. The peddlers are early on the grounds with trinkets to be purchased for wives and children at home. Bakers offer the regular muster-day luncheon, hard gingerbread, and venders of all kinds call their wares. The harsh cries of the hawkers mingle with the noisy laughter of the crowd which wanders aimlessly about, joking, gossiping, trading, till the militia appear. Then Colonel Webster and his aides gallop around the field, clearing the ground for the infantry drill, and the little band of militia march out. They are a motley company, short and tall, stout and thin, all clad in homespun but duly accoutred and intent on the day's work. They march and countermarch, wheel and file, if not with skill, at least with earnestness while the admiring crowd looks on.

With this episode the series of early Plymouth pictures closed, but the most impressive scene of the pageant followed. The music passed into the solemn strains of Duke Street:

“Oh God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee,—

and as if called back once more for a moment from the shadows of the past, the actors in the little drama appeared,—Water-nomee and his braves, Captain Baker and his men, explorers, scouts, trappers, settlers, soldiers, students,—once more they passed in swiftly-moving line to the music of the hymn,

“Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

As the last figure faded into the shadows, there remained a final impressive picture, the Plymouth of 1913,—a great audience which rose reverently as the hymn closed:

“And here thy name, O God of Love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.”

MUSIC.

Instrumental music furnished by Keniston Band.

Episodes I. and II. Indian Melodies especially arranged for these Episodes.

Episode III. The Queen's Lace Handkerchief.....*Strauss*

Episode V. Federal Street.....*Oliver*

Episode VI. Rockingham*Mason*

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found—
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

Episode VII. Sweet Content.....*Decher*

Episode VIII. From Don Juan.....*Mozart*

Episode IX. March of the Men of Harlech

Episode X. The Happy Farmer.....*Schumann*

Episode XI. The most popular air of that period, Yankee Doodle.

Episode XII. Duke Street

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

EPISODE I.

Watnomsee, the Sachem.....*Eugene Peppard*

Captain Thomas Baker.....*William Simonds*

Braves and white men—Leland Atwood, Ernest Bell, Leslie Bell, Robert Chase, Paul Dumm, Morris Dustin, Max Haley, Raymond Haley, Clarence Hatch, Hollis Hurlbert, Harold Sherburne, Alphonse Swenning, Aretas Sutherland, Robert Sutherland, Guy Worthen, Roger Woodman, Charles Woodman, Earle Willoughby.

Squaws—Mrs. Moody P. Gore, Mary Mudgett, Marguerite Weeks, Agnes Burke, Ruth Currier, Christine Sutherland, Theo Gould, Alice Lydia Peppard, Beatrice Tollan.

Children—Maynard Fosie, Charles Robie, Margaret Pierce, Amasa Avery, Jr.

EPISODE II.

John Stark	Leslie Bell
William Stark	William T. Simonds
David Stinson	Earle Willoughby
Amos Eastman	Hollis Hurlbert

Indians in Episode I.

EPISODE III.

Gov. Benning Wentworth.....	Dr. E. L. Bell
Lady Wentworth	Blanche Gould
Theodore Atkinson, Secretary of State.....	Herbert Adams
Clerk	John Peppard
Col. David Hobart.....	Harry Sherwood
Col. Blanchard	Walter B. Adams
John Fenton	Dr. Ellison

Pages—Robert Smith and Irving Sherwood.

Pole bearers—Neil Haley, Charles Bowles, Clarence Bragg, Preston Currier, Floyd Carroll, Glee Wilkie.

EPISODE IV.

Moderator	A. F. Wentworth
Clerk	Henry Little
Jotham Cummings	George R. Foster

Voters—Fred Abbott, A. F. Burt, Charles Cook, Irving H. Chase, Fred A. Barker, Ernest Hardy, Henry W. Rogers, Frank G. Smith, A. L. Smith, Louis Spencer, Iza Smith, H. H. Whittemore, Raymond Whittemore, T. I. Emerson, George Persons.

EPISODE V.

Men of episode IV and other settlers—Ada Allen, Hazel Caldon, Dorothy Clark, Mrs. E. G. Currier, Mrs. Ernest Hardy, Charles Hardy, Florence Hardy, Mrs. Ina G. Hildreth, Mrs. Henry Little, Marion Flanders, Alice Houston, Bernice Houston, Lydia Gore, Mrs. F. H. Foster, Martha H. Foster, Arline L. Foster, Alice P. Foster, Mrs. Fred Wilkins, Mrs. John Wheeler, Phineas Wheeler, John Wheeler, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Stanley, Mary Stanley, Elizabeth Stanley, Freda Stanley, Mrs. Henry W. Rogers, Mrs. Fred Abbott, Velna Carroll, Margaret Atwood, Blanche Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Iza Smith, Mrs. E. C. E. Dorion, Pauline Avery, Mrs. Fred Wright, Mrs. W. T. Simonds, Earlyan D. Simonds, Russell W. Simonds, Harold Glover and Everett Keniston with oxtams.

EPISODE VI.

Parson Nathan Ward.....Rev. B. A. Dumm, Ph. D.
 Leader of the Choir.....Rev. A. L. Smith, D. D.
 All of Episodes IV and V.

EPISODE VII.

Spinners Ella Ahern and Wilhelmina Keniston
 Quilting Bee in charge of Margaret Brown.
 Dr. John Rogers.....Rev. Austin S. Garver, D. D.
 Josiah Brown Moody P. Gore

EPISODE VIII.

Governor John Wentworth.....Dr. E. L. Bell
 Lady Wentworth Miss Blanche A. Gould
 Host and Hostess.....Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Weeks
 John Fenton Dr. John Ellison

Contra Dance

Miss Doris Ayer.....John Peppard
 Mrs. C. C. Wright.....J. W. Harrower
 Mrs. A. M. Rand.....George Greeley
 Miss Ethel Savage.....Harry Sherwood
 Mrs. W. A. Kimball.....Herbert Adams
 Miss Miriam Keniston.....A. M. Rand

Dorothy Dalton, Mary Elliott, Barbara Gould, Madeline Weeks, Wilhelmina Keniston, Clesen Tenney, Henry W. Rogers, H. H. Whittemore, Raymond Whittemore, Robert Smith, Irving Sherwood.

Chair Bearers George Persons and Louis Spencer

EPISODE IX.

Horseman Harry Sherwood
 Bugler Harold Freeman

Settlers

EPISODE X.

Preceptress Mrs. H. H. Lamson

Students—Hazel Downing, Mildred Brogan, Lillian Clark, Edna Gadd, Marguerite Merrill, Hazel Swett, Archie Spencer, Kenneth Haley, Guy Richards, Earl Brown, Hazel Kelley, Thorndike Rubert, Ruth Evans, Caroline Davison, Lida Caldon.



HIGH SCHOOL WHERE HISTORICAL EXHIBIT WAS HELD, 1903-1914



PART OF PAGEANT AUDIENCE D. B. KENISTON'S RESIDENCE



KENISTON BAND

KENISTON BAND.

The band which played July 15th was the largest aggregation of local band musicians in Plymouth for many years. Twenty-nine formed the musical organization in the parade, the pageant and evening concert. The picture opposite gives all the band men connected with the music of the day. Not every one was a member of the Keniston Band, but all the members were in the picture except Warner W. Hartwell, who was recovering from a very serious illness.

Seated in the front row are Harry Allard, solo cornet; John Cook, solo alto; Edward C. Currier, third alto; Ray D. Arnold, second trombone; Ernest W. Glines, bass drum; William O. Wheeler, tuba; Fred H. Brown, cymbals. Second row, Charles Hoit, third trombone; Albert T. Robie, first trombone; Harold C. Freeman, solo cornet; Charles H. Shaw and Aretas B. Sutherland, second B flat clarinets; Russell Draper, second cornet. Standing, first row, H. Bart Heath, tuba; Fred Wilkins, second alto; Edwin J. Foster (with arms folded) baritone; John Foster, a former band player, holding the instrument of his son; Carl W. Keniston E flat clarinet; John Keniston, drum major and director; Clifton Severance, piccolo; Charles L. Woodman, first B flat clarinet; Robert McC. Chase, second B flat clarinet (he did not play on the march as he motored the celebration committee, Mr. Shaw substituting for him); Henry Little, first cornet; Charles H. Ellison, second cornet. Back row, looking between or over the other players, William Hawkins, solo B flat clarinet; Charles Hudson, tenor drum; Arthur Smythe, first B flat clarinet; D. Brooks Wheeler, second alto; Lyman Stanley, second B flat clarinet; Charles R. Pease, premier solo cornet; Roger F. Woodman, piccolo.

This band began practice in September, 1902, in the Athenaeum and played in public the first Tuesday evening in the following November. Since then, it has played at all Memorial Day exercises and at almost all of the other public occasions in this locality. In the summer of 1903 it gave open air concerts and in the same year the town appropriated \$150 for a band stand. The citizens contributed as much more. The band stand was designed by Francis V. Bulfinch of Boston, a son of one of Plymouth's daughters. This band has given concerts every

season since organized for which the town has generously appropriated \$100 annually.

The members have never paid fees but have received a small compensation for their services. Messrs. H. Bart Heath, Edwin J. Foster, Carl W. Keniston, D. Brooks Wheeler, Albert T. Robie and Edward C. Currier were among the first members. This band has kept together and practiced especially for this occasion for many years. The next celebration will find many changes in the group of faces.

THE FIREWORKS.

The committee, by the courtesy of the Boston & Maine Railroad officials, were enabled to use the lawn of the old Pemigewasset House for its firework display. Before sunset the crowd began to gather and long before the display commenced, the common and the streets surrounding it were packed with an eager and good-natured crowd of several thousand from this and surrounding towns. While waiting for darkness to gather, and during the display, Keniston band gave a fine concert, which was much appreciated by the throng as attested by the continual applause.

Promptly upon the hour the fireworks began and without the slightest break, the attention of the spectators was closely held to the end by the magnificent and ever-varying display. The absence of long intervals of waiting, which usually detract so much from such an exhibition, the good taste shown in the selections, and arrangement of the pieces, the unerring skill with which they were set off by the fireworks expert furnished by Maston & Wells Fireworks Company of Boston, and the numbers of special devices, some of them of local significance, united to make this display one of the best ever seen in Plymouth. The successive novelties filled the spectators with curiosity and surprise, and the gorgeous combination of light and colors by which the sky was constantly illuminated, called forth from the spectators exclamations of astonishment and delight.

The display opened by a grand illumination produced by powerful crimson lights, throwing a brilliant glow over the entire surroundings, followed by flights of heavy exhibition rockets, candle cascades, golden fountains and colored star bouquets; crimson and green lights lighted up the exhibition grounds with a brilliant effect. Floating balloon lights were seen high in the

air, which changed from red to green, sailing away into the night. The grande finale consisted of an immense motto in letters of fire :

PLYMOUTH
1763—1913.

with a halo of fire above the design.

Volleys of shells and bombs were discharged, making a brilliant effect and closing the display.

When the last sparks expired the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration was over and the tired but satisfied crowd made its way slowly homeward.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE.

The town, at its annual meeting March 11, 1913, appropriated the sum of three hundred dollars, and the committee, realizing at its earlier meetings that this sum would not be adequate for a celebration that would be a credit to the town, proceeded to appoint special committees to raise, by subscription, sale of anniversary medals, special advertising, etc., an outside sum. This, added to the town appropriation, was more than enough to meet the bills of the celebration and make the final payment on the illuminated dials of the town clock, and to assist Asquamchumauke Chapter towards payment of the setting of its boulder, leaving a substantial balance in the Pemigewasset National Bank.

The financial statement is appended:

Town appropriation	\$300.00	
Raised by subscription.....	200.00	
Received gift, Mrs. E. W. Fisk.....	25.00	
C. H. Greenleaf.....	20.00	
Dr. Cyrus Richardson.....	5.00	
from sale of medals.....	148.65	
Pageant sale of seats, pro- grammes, lemonade, etc....	108.62	
Advertising, mileage, etc....	89.20	
Returned from clock committee.....	2.14	
		\$898.61
Expended by committee on Medals	\$95.91	
Pageant	146.17	
Decoration	8.00	
Illustrated lecture ..	43.65	
Fireworks	139.01	
Music	80.00	
Printing	100.40	
Taking and transcrib- ing speeches	15.00	
Donated to Illuminated Clock committee	100.00	
Asquamchumauke Chapter	30.00	
Balance	140.47	
		\$898.61

CHARLES J. GOULD,
Treasurer.

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